





POEMS, &c.

UPON

Several Occasions.

BY

Mr. JOHN MILTON:

Both ENGLISH and LATIN, &c.  
Composed at several times.

With a small Tractate of  
EDUCATION  
To Mr. HARTLIB.

LONDON,

Printed for Tho. Dring at the White Lion  
next Chancery Lane End, in  
Fleet-street. 1673.





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E R R A T A

**P**Age 21. at the end of the Elegie should have come in the Verses at a Vacation Exercise, which follow afterwards, from pag. 64. to p. 68, p. 56. line 8. after *is* *it*, ib. l. 9. for *Colikto* r. *Colkitto*, p. 59. l. 4. for *so* r. *son*, p. 69. l. 17. for *bank* r. *bank*, p. 90. l. 9. for *Heccat* r. *Hecat*, p. 91. l. 19. leave out the Comma after *May*, and for *here* r. *hear*, p. 128. l. 3. leave out *that*. In the second part p. 43. l. 1. for *Canentam* r. *Canentem*, ibid. l. 4. for *desipulisset* r. *desipuisse*, p. 49. l. 2. for *Adamantius* r. *Adamantinus*, ibid. l. 9. for *Notat* r. *Natat*, p. 52. l. 2. for *Relliquas* r. *Relliquias*, p. 53. l. 17, 18. a Comma after *Manes*, none after *Exululat*. Some other Errors and mispointings the Readers judgement may correct.

(1)

ON THE  
M O R N I N G  
O F  
Christ's Nativity.

**T**His is the Month, and this the happy morn  
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great Redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy Sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

**II.**  
That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table,  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,

Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,  
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

A

III. Say



(2)

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy Sacred vein  
 Afford a Present to the Infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome him to this his new abode,  
 Now while the Heav'n by the Sons team untrod,  
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in Squadron

IV.

(bright

See how from far upon the Eastern rode  
 The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,  
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:  
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,  
 And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
 From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

*The Hymn.*

I.

I T was the Winter wilde,  
 While the Heav'n-born child,  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,  
 Nature in awe to him  
 Had doff't her gawdy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize:

(3)

It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the Sun her lassy Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair  
 She woo's the gentle Air  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinfull blame,

The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,  
 Confounded, that her Makers eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace,

She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning spear  
 His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battels sound  
 Was heard the World around

A 2

The



(4)

The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,  
The hooked Chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
And Kings sat still with awfull eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peacefull was the night  
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:

The Winds with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze  
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their pretious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light;

Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;  
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,  
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

(5)

VII.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferiour flame,

The new enlightn'd world no more should need;  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty *Pan*

Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,  
Divinely-warbl'd voice  
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:

A 3

The



(6)

The Air such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound  
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the Airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
A Globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd,  
The helmed Cherubim  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,

(7)

But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His Constellations set,

And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,  
Once bless our humane ears,  
( If ye have power to touch our senses so )  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;

And let the Base of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckl'd vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,  
And Hell it self will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

A 4

XV.



(8)

XV.

Yea Truth, and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing  
Mercy will sit between,  
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,  
And Heav'n as at some Festivall,  
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate sayes no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both himself and us to glorifie:  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the

XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
As on mount *Sinai* rang  
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:  
The aged Earth agast  
With terrour of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the center shake;

When

(9)

When at the worlds last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins; for from this happy day  
Th' old Dragon under ground  
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dum,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,  
*Apollo* from his shrine  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving,  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell:

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,  
And the resounding shore,

A voice



A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent,  
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

## XXI.

In consecrated Earth,  
And on the holy Hearth,

The Lays, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,  
In Urns, and Altars round,  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;  
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

## XXII.

*Peor*, and *Baalim*,  
Forfake their Temples dim,

With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*,  
And mooned *Ashtaroth*,  
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,

Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,  
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,  
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

## XXIII.

## XXIII.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,  
Hath left in shadows dred,

His burning Idol all of blackest hue;  
In vain with Cymbals ring,  
They call the grisly King;

In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
*Isis* and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

## XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen  
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,

Trampling the unshorn'd Grass with lowings loud;  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,

Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,  
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark

The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

## XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land  
The dredded Infants hand,

The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;  
Nor all the Gods beside,  
Longer dare abide,

Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:

Our



(12)

Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,  
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale,  
Troop to th'infernal Jail,

Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,  
And the yellow-skirted Fayer,  
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest,  
Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious Song should here have ending:  
Heav'n's youngest teemed Star,  
Hath fixt her polish'd Car,  
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:  
And all about the Courtly Stable,  
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Para

(13)

### A Paraphrase on *Psalms* 114.

This and the following *Psalms* were done by  
the Author at fifteen years old.

When the blest seed of *Terah's* faithful Son,  
After long toil their liberty had won,  
And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
*Jehovah's* wonders were in *Israel* shown,  
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.  
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
Low in the earth, *Jordan's* clear streams recoil,  
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.  
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams  
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.  
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?  
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chrystal Fountains?  
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast  
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,  
That glassy fouds from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

*Psalms*



Let us with a glad mind

**L** Praise the Lord, for he is kind

For his mercies ay endure,

Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,

For of gods he is the God:

For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,

Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.

For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make

Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.

For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create

The painted Heav'ns so full of state.

For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain

To rise above the watry plains.

For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,

Did fill the new-made world with light.

For his, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,

All the day long his course to run.

For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,

Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,

Smote the first-born of Egypt Land,

For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,

He brought from thence his Israel.

For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,

Of the Erythrean main.

For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glas,

While the Hebrew Bands did pass.

For, &c.

But full soon they did devour

The Tawny King with all his power.

For, &c.

His



His chosen people he did bless  
In the wastfull Wilderness.

For, &c.

In bloody battel he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown.

For, &c.

He foild bold *Sem* and his host:  
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.

For, &c.

And large-limb'd *Og* he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew.

For, &c.

And to his Servant *Israel*,  
He gave their Land therein to dwell.

For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery.

For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy.

For, &c.

Not that

Not that thy

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need.

For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty Majesty and worth.

For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough.

I.

**O** Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie,  
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out-lasted,  
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;  
For he being amorous on that lovely die

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss  
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his chariot  
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,

B



(18)

If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,  
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
 Which mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,  
 Through middle empire of the freezing aire  
 He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,  
 There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.  
 Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,

But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace  
 Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her lair bidding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
 For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand  
 Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate  
 Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* strand  
 Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;

But then transform'd him to a purple flower  
 Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet  
 Can I not perswade me thou art dead  
 Nor that thy coarſe corrupts in earths dark wombe,  
 Nor that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,

(19)

Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;  
 Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?  
 Oh no? for something in thy face did shine  
 Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest  
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)  
 Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest  
 Whether above that high first-moving Spheare  
 Or in the *Elisian* fields (if such there were.)

Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight  
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd rooffe  
 Of shak't *Olympus* by mischance didst fall;  
 Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe  
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
 Or did of late earths *Sonnes* besiege the wall

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled  
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before  
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth  
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?

B 2



Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!  
 Or that cown'd Matron sage white-robed truth?  
 Or any other of that heav'nly brood  
 Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good.

## IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,  
 Who having clad thy self in humane weed,  
 To earth from thy prae-fixed seat didst poast,  
 And after short abode flic back with speed,  
 As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,  
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

## X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,  
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe  
 To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

## XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child  
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;

Think

Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render him with patience what he lent;  
 This if thou do he will an off-spring give,  
 That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.

*The Passion.*

## I.

**E**Re-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of Ayre and Earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,  
 My muse with Angels did divide to sing;  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light  
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

## II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,  
 Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect *Harue*, try'd in heaviest plight  
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

B 3

III. He



## III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;  
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

## IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving vers,  
To this Horizon is my *Phabus* bound,  
His Godlike acts; and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings other where are found;  
Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound;  
Me softer airs besit, and softer firings  
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

## V.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,  
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black wheron I write,  
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VII. See

## VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,  
My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,  
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,  
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;

There doth my soul in holy vision sit  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstasick fit,

## VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock  
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store,  
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score  
My plaining vers as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
That they would firly fall in order'd Characters.

## VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,  
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,  
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes milde,  
And I (for grief is easily beguild)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,  
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinished.*



*On Time.*

**F**ly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;  
 And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more then what is false and vain,  
 And meerly mortal dross;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain.  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,  
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss;  
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine  
 About the supreme Throne  
 Of him, whose happy-making sight alone,  
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,  
 Then all this Earthy grossness quit,  
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time

*Upon the Circumcision.*

**Y**E flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,  
 That erst with Musick, and triumphant song  
 First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,  
 So sweetly sang your Joy the Clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;  
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow,  
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilest  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
 Alas, how soon our sin  
 Sore doth begin  
 His Infancy to lease!  
 O more exceeding love or law more just?  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 For we by rightful doom remedies  
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes;  
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress  
 Intirely satisfi'd,

And



And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart.  
 This day, but O ere long  
 Huge pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near his heart.

*At a solemn Musick.*

**B**Left pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,  
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high-rai'd phantasie present,  
 That undisturbed Song of pure concent,  
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne  
 To him that sits thereon  
 With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,  
 And the Cherubick host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy Psalms

Singing

Singing everlastingly;  
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair musick that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good stood  
 O may we soon again renew that Song,  
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celestial consort us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

*An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.*

**T**His rich Marble doth enterr  
 The honour'd Wife of Winchester,  
 A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,  
 Besides what her vertues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More then she could own from Earth.  
 Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told, alas too soon,  
 After



After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness, and with death,  
 Yet had the number of her days  
 Bin as compleat as was her praise,  
 Nature and fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.  
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
 Quickly found a lover meet;  
 The Virgin quire for her request  
 The God that sits at marriage feast;  
 He at their invoking came  
 But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame;  
 And in his Garland as he stood,  
 Ye might discern a Cypress bud.  
 Once had the early Matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes,  
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws;  
 But whether by mischance or blame  
*Atropos* for *Lucina* came;  
 And with remorseles cruelty,  
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:  
 The haples Babe before his birth  
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And the languisht Mothers Womb  
 Was not long a living Tomb.  
 So have I seen some tender slip  
 Sav'd with care from Winters nip,  
 The pride of her carnation train,  
 Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,  
 Who onely thought to crop the flower  
 New shot up from vernal shower;  
 But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,  
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,  
 Prove to be presaging tears  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hast'ning funerall.  
 Gentle Lady may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have;  
 After this thy travel sore  
 Sweet rest sease thee evermore,  
 That to give the world encrease,  
 Shortned hast thy own lives lease;  
 Here, besides the sorrowing  
 That thy noble House doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Weept for thee in *Helicon*,



(30)

And som Flowers, and some Bayes,  
 For thy Hears to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,  
 Devoted to thy vertuous name,  
 Whilst thou bright Saint high sit in glory,  
 Next her much like to thee in story,  
 That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,  
 Who after yeers of barrenness,  
 The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore  
 To him that serv'd for her before,  
 And at her next birth much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the boosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light,  
 There with thee, new welcom Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG

(31)

*John Wigan*  
 SONG.

On May Morning.

**N**ow the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
 The Flowry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.  
 Hail bounteous May that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth and warm desire,  
 Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early Song,  
 And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

On Shakespear. 1630.

**W**hat needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,  
 The labour of an age in piled Stones,  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a Star-ypointing Pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.

For



For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,  
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,  
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;  
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,  
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

---

*On the University Carrier, who sickn'd in the time  
 of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London,  
 by reason of the Plague.*

**H**ere lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,  
 And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
 For he had any time this ten yeers full,  
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the *Bull*.  
 And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,  
 'Ad not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;

But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journeys end was come,  
 And that he had tane up his latest Inn,  
 In the kind office of a Chamberlin  
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:  
 If any ask for him, it shall be sed,  
*Hobson* has slept, and's newly gon to bed.

---

*Another on the same.*

**H**ere lieth one who did most truly prove,  
 That he could never die while he could move,  
 So hung his destiny never to rot  
 While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphear-metal, never to decay  
 Untill his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:  
 And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,  
 His principles being ceast, he ended strait,  
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath:



Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hastned on his term;  
 Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,  
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
 If I may not carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers,  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He di'd for heaviness that his Cart went light,  
 His lease told him that his time was com,  
 And lack of load, made his life burdensom,  
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)  
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;  
 But had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal Carrier.  
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date  
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:  
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,  
 Only remains this superscription.

## L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy  
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,  
 In Stygian Cave forlorn.  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-Raven sings;  
 There under Ebony shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,  
 As ragged as thy Locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But com thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more  
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;  
 Or whether (as some Sager sing)  
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,  
*Zephyr* with *Aurora* playing,  
 As he met her once a Maying,  
 There on Beds of Violets blew,  
 And fresh-blown Roses wash't in dew,



Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buckfom, blith, and debonair.  
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,  
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport that wrinckled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Com, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastick toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy cue  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreproved pleasures free;  
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-towre in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to com in spight of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow,

Though

Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,  
 Or the twisted Eglantine.  
 While the Cock with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin,  
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,  
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,  
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn  
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,  
 From the side of some Hoar Hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill,  
 Som time walking not unseen  
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
 Right against the Eastern gate,  
 Where the great Sun begins his state,  
 Roab'd in flames, and Amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight,  
 While the Plowman neer at hand,  
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,  
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the Mower whets his sithe,  
 And every Shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale,  
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,

C 3

Ruffet



Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains on whose barren brest  
 The labouring clouds do often rest:  
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,  
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide,  
 Towers, and Battlements it sees  
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,  
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged Oakes,  
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrus* met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,  
 Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;  
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,  
 With *Thessylis* to bind the Sheaves;  
 Or if the earlier season lead  
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,  
 Some times with secure delight  
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry Bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound

To

To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old com forth to play  
 On a Sunshine Holyday,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail,  
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,  
 She was pincht, and pull'd she fed,  
 And by the Friars Lanthorn led;  
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,  
 To earn his Cream-bowle duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,  
 His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn,  
 That ten day-labourers could not end,  
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend-  
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,  
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings,  
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep,  
 Towred Cities please us then,  
 And the busie hum of men.

C 4

where



Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,  
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize,  
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend  
To win her Grace, whom all commend,  
There let *Hymen* oft appear

In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique Pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful Poets dream  
On Summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If *Jonson's* learned Sock be on,  
Or sweetest *Shakespeare's* fancies childe,  
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde;  
And ever against eating Cares,  
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,  
Married to immortal verse  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running;

Untwisting

Untwisting all the chains that ty  
The hidden soul of harmony.  
That *Orpheus* self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear  
Such streins as would have won the ear  
Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free  
His half regain'd *Eurydice*.  
These delights, if thou canst give,  
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

*Il Penseroso.*

**H**ence vain deluding joyes,  
The brood of folly without father bred,  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams  
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.

But



But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy,  
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the Sense of human sight;  
 And therefore to our weaker view,  
 O're laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.  
 Black, but such as in esteem,  
 Prince *Memnon's* sister might be seem,  
 Or that starr'd *Ethiops* Queen that strove  
 To set her beauties praise above  
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,  
 Yet thou art higher far descended,  
 These bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,  
 To solitary *Saturn* bore;  
 His daughter she (in *Saturnus* reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain)  
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.  
 Com penfive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestick train,

And

And sable stole of *Cypres* Lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
 There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thy self to Marble, till  
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring,  
 Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.  
 And adde to these retired pleasures,  
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation,  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less *Philomel* will deign a Song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

while



While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,  
 Gently o're th'acustom'd Oke;  
 Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most Melancholy!  
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,  
 I woo to hear thy Even-Song;  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,  
 To behold the wandering Moon,  
 Riding neer her highest noon,  
 Like one that had bin led astray  
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathles way;  
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off Curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-water'd shoar,  
 Swinging slow with fallen roar;  
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,  
 Som still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing Embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
 Far from all resort of mirth.  
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,

Or the Belmans drowfie charm,  
 To bless the dores from nightly harm:  
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely Tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unspear.  
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold  
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
 And of those *Demons* that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With Planet, or with Element.  
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy  
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,  
 Presenting *Thebes*, or *Pelops* line,  
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine.  
 Or what (though rare) of later age,  
 Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing  
 Such notes as warbled to the string,



Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.  
 Or call up him that left half told  
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold,  
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarisse*,  
 And who had *Canace* to wife,  
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,  
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,  
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride;  
 And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung,  
 Of Forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant then meets the ear,  
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not trickt and froun'd as she was wont,  
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,  
 But Cherch'd in a comely Cloud,  
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling Leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the Eaves,

And when the Sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, the Goddess bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves  
 Of Pine, or monumental Oak,  
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some Brook,  
 Where no prophane eye may look,  
 Hide me from Day's garish eie,  
 While the Bee with Honied thie,  
 That at her flowry work doth sing,  
 And the Waters murmuring  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleeps  
 And let som strange mysterious dream,  
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,  
 Of lively portrature display'd,  
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by som spirit to mortals good,  
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.



(48)

But let my due feet never fail,  
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale.  
 And love the high embowed Roof,  
 With antick Pillars massy proof,  
 And storied Windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dimm religious light.  
 There let the pealing Organ blow,  
 To the full voic'd Quire below,  
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into extasies,  
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes,  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,  
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,  
 And every Herb that sips the dew;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like Prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures Melancholy give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNET

(49)

## SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray,  
 Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,  
 Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,  
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,  
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,  
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill  
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will  
 Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
 Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate  
 Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny:  
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,  
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,  
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
 L'erbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco  
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora  
 De sui atti seavi giamai parco,*

D

Ei



E i don', che son d'amor sacre ed arco.  
 La onde l'alta eugenia s'infiora.  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
 Che'l disio amoroso al cor s'invocchi.

## III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
 Così amor meco insu la lingua suella  
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
 Deb! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

Canzone

Canzone.

**R** Idoufi donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spruntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
 L'immortal guiderdon d'eterna frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?  
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore  
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

## IV.

Diodati, e te'l dira con maraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solea  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea  
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia

D 2

Quel



Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,  
 E' cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco  
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

## V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia  
 Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole  
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'inuia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:  
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela;  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

## VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante  
 Poi che suggir me stesso indubbio sono,

Madonna

Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante  
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S'arma di se, d'intero diamante,  
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use  
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.

## VII.

How soon hath time the fittle thief of youth,  
 Soln on his wing my three and twentieth year!  
 My hasting dayes flie on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew' th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
 And inward ripenes doth much less appear,  
 That som more timely-happy spirits indu' th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n,  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,



(54)

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may cease,  
If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,  
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,  
And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,  
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.  
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,  
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare  
The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre  
Went to the ground: And the repeated air  
Of sad *Ekēra's* Poet had the power  
To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,  
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,  
And with those few art eminently seen,  
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,  
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,

Chosen

(55)

Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,  
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,  
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends  
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,  
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends  
Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,  
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President  
Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,  
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
And left them both, more in himself content,  
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
At *Cheronea*, fatal to liberty  
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,  
Though later born, then to have known the dayes  
Wherin your Father flourish'd, yet by you,  
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;  
So well your words his noble vertues praise,  
That all both judge you to relate them true,  
And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

D 4

XI. A



A Book was was writ of late call'd *Tetrabordon*;  
 And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;  
 The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,  
 Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on  
 Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on  
 A title page is this! and some in file  
 Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-  
 End Green. Why is harder Sirs then Gordon,  
 Colikto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek  
 That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.  
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,  
 Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp; (Greek  
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward*

XII. *On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs  
 By the known rules of antient libertie,  
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.  
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs  
 Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie  
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;

That

That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,  
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
 Licence they mean when they cry libertie;  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
 But from that mark how far they roave we see  
 For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

## XIII.

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song  
 First taught our English Musick how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
 That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue  
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing  
 To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus* Quite  
 That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.  
*Dante* shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Then his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

X IV. When



When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,  
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load  
 Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever.  
 Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour  
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best  
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
 And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams  
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

*On the late Massacher in Piemont.*

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones  
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,  
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old  
 When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their groanes  
 Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold

Slain

Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd  
 Mother with Infant down the Rocks, Their moans  
 The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they  
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes so  
 O're all th' *Italian* fields where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow  
 A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way  
 Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

When I consider how my light is spent,  
 E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one Talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, least he returning chide,  
 Doth God exact day labour, light deny'd,  
 I fondly ask: But patience to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts, who best  
 Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best, his State  
 Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed  
 And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:  
 They also serve who only stand and waite.



*Lawrence* of vertuous Father vertuous Son,  
 Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help wast a fullen day; what may be won  
 From the hard Season gaining: time will run  
 On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire  
 The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire  
 The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice  
 Warble immortal Notes and *Turke* Ayre?  
 He who of those delights can judge, And spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

*Cyrick*, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench  
 Of Brittain *Themis*, with with no mean applause  
 Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,  
 Which others at their Barr so often wrench;  
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;  
 Let *Esclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,  
 And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.

To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint  
 Brought to me like *Alecxis* from the grave,  
 Whom *Jove* great Son to her glad Husband gave,  
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.  
 Mine as whom waite from spot of child-bed taint,  
 Purification in the old Law did save,  
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd  
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.



The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa, *Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.*

What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours  
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,  
Pyrrha for whom bindst thou  
In wreaths thy golden Hair,  
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he  
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas  
Rough with black winds and storms  
Unwonted shall admire:  
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,  
Who always vacant always amiable  
Hopes thee; of flattering gales  
Unmindfull. Hapless they  
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung  
My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern God of Sea.

AD

AD PYRRHAM. Ode V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è nau-  
fragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, af-  
firmat esse miseros.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
Persusus liquidis roget odoribus,

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiæ? heu quoties fidem

Mutatofque deos flebit, & aspera

Nigris equora ventis

Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc se fruitur credulus aurea:

Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem

Sperat, nescius aure?

Fallacis. miseri quibus

Intentata nites. me tabula sacer

Votiva paries indicat usida

Suspendisse potenti

Vestimenta maris Deo.

Anno



Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

**H**Ail native Language, that by sinews weak  
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripp's,  
 Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,  
 Driving dum silence from the portal dore,  
 Where he had mutely sate two years before:  
 Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,  
 That now I use thee in my latter task:  
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
 I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee:  
 Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,  
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst:  
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
 The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.  
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aide  
 For this same small neglect that I have made:  
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,  
 And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefeft treasure:  
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight  
 Which takes our late fantaslicks with delight,

But

But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire  
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:  
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about  
 And loudly knock to have their passage out;  
 And wearie of their place do only stay  
 Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray;  
 That so they may without suspect or fears  
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;  
 Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use,  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
 Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soare  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore  
 Look in, and see each blisful Deitie  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings  
 To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings  
 Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:  
 Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire,  
 And mistie Regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,  
 In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;

E

Then



Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;  
 And last of Kings and Queens and Hero's old,  
 Such as the wise Democritus once told  
 In solemn Songs at King Alcimus feast,  
 While sad Ulysses soul and all the rest  
 Are held with his melodious harmonic  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fit my wandering Muse how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way,  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament;  
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my Roome.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Elders stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens thus speaking, explains.*

**G**ood luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth  
 The Faery Ladies daunc'd upon the hearth;  
 Thy drowlie Naisse hath sworn she did them spie  
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;

And

And sweetly singing round about thy Bed  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st fill  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible,  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage,  
 And in times long and dark Prospective Glass  
 Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass.  
 Your Son, said she, (not can you it prevent)  
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.  
 O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King;  
 Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,  
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them;  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.  
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roare:

E 2

Yes



Yea it shall be his natural property  
To harbour those that are at enmity.  
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose,  
then Relation was call'd by his Name.*

**R**ivers arise; whether thou be the Son,  
Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Ouse*, or gulphie *Dun*,  
Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads  
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,  
Or fallen Mole that runneth underneath,  
Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,  
Or *Rockie Avon*, or of *Sedgie Lee*,  
Or *Coaly Tise*, or antient hollowed *Dre*,  
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Seythians* Name,  
Or *Midway* smooth, or *Royal Towred Thame*.

*The rest was Prose.*

*On the new forcers of Conscience under the  
Long PARLIAMENT.*

**B**Ecause you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,  
And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie  
To seise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie  
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,  
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword  
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,  
And ride us with a claspic Hierarchy  
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rutberford*?  
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent  
Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*  
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks  
By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d' ye call:  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your plots and packing wors then those of *Trent*,  
That so the Parliament  
May with their wholsom and preventive Shears  
Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,  
And succour our just Fears  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge  
New *Presbyter* is but *Old Priest* writ Large.



## ARCADES.

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Darby at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State, with this Song.*

## I. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,  
What sudden blaze of Majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry  
Too divine to be mistook:

This this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend,  
Heer our solemn search hath end,  
Fame that her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise,  
Less then half we find exprest,  
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting

Shooting her beams like silver threads,  
This this is she alone,  
Sitting like a Goddess bright,  
In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Layna* be,  
Or the towred *Cybele*,  
Mother of a hundred gods;  
*Juno* dare's not give her odds;  
Who had thought this clime had held  
A deity so unparalel'd?

*As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.*

**G**EN. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,  
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret fluse,  
Stole under Seas to meet his *Aretuse*;  
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,  
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,  
I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
Was all in honour and devotion ment

E 4

To



To the great Mistress of yon princely thrise,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this nights glad solemnity;  
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold  
 What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;  
 Which I fall oft amidst these shades alone  
 Have late to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
 For know by lot from *Jove* I am the pow'r  
 Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bower,  
 To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove.  
 With Ringlers quaint, and wanton windings wove,  
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,  
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill.  
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,  
 Or what the crofs dire-looking Planet smites,  
 Or hurtfull Worm with creaker'd venom bites.  
 When Evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd groun'd,  
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or taffeld horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout

With

With puissant words, and murmurs made to blest,  
 But els in deep of night when drowlines  
 Hath lock't up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound,  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,  
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,  
 And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;  
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blane  
 The peerles height of her immortal praise,  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,  
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hem.

1. SONG.



(74)

2. SONG,

O'er the smooth enamel'd green  
Where no print of step hath been,  
Follow me as I sing,  
And touch the warbled string.  
Under the shady roof  
Of branching Elm-Star-proof.  
Follow me,  
I will bring you where she sits  
Clad in splendor as befits  
Her deity.  
Such a rural Queen  
All *Arcadis* hath not seen.

3. SONG,

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more  
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,  
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,  
A better foyl shall give ye thanks.  
From the stony *Menzalus*,  
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,

Here

(75)

Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the Lady of this place.

Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistress were,  
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.  
Such a rural Queen  
All *Arcadis* hath not seen,

LYCIDAS.

*In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.*

YEt once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,  
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,  
And with forc'd fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compells me to disturb your season due:  
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew

Himself



Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme,  
 He must not flote upon his watry bear  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,  
 And as he passes turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
 For we were nurs't upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock; by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
 We drove a field, and both together heard  
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,  
 Toward Heav'n's descent had stop'd his westering wheel.  
 Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,  
 Rough Satyr danc'd, and *Fawns* with clov'n heel

From

From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
 And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,  
 Now thou art gon, and never must return!  
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,  
 With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn.  
 The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes,  
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,  
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,  
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,  
 When first the White Thorn blows;  
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep  
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, ly,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,  
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:  
 Ay me, I fondly dream!  
 Had ye bin there---for what could that have don?  
 What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,

The



The Muse her self for her inhanting son  
Whom Universal nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift *Hibernus* to the *Lubian* shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care  
To end the homely slighted Shepherds trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,  
Were it not better don as others use,  
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of *Nereus's* hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of Noble minds)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,  
And cuts the thin span life. But not the praise,  
*Phoebus* repl'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glittering foil

Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove's*

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd flood,  
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:

But now my Oar proceeds,  
And listens to the Herald of the Sea  
That came in *Neptune's* plea,  
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
And question'd every gulf of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked Promontory;

They knew not of his story,  
And sage *Hippocles* their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,  
*Sleek Panope* with all her sisters play'd,  
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark  
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sank so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,  
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.



Ah; Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,  
 Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,  
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)  
 He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,  
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,  
 Anow of such as for their bellies sake,  
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least  
 That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,  
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,

But that two-handed engine at the door,  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,  
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,  
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.  
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.  
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,  
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,  
 The glowing Violet.  
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,  
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty shed,  
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.



Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas  
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold;  
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:  
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,  
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,  
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves  
 Where other groves, and other streams along,  
 With Nectar pure his oozy Lock's he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,  
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There

There entertain him all the Saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Oakes and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:  
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the Western Bay;  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:  
 To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.





# M A S K

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634. &c.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

*The attendant Spirit descends or enters.*

**B**Efore the starry threshold of Joves Court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shape  
Of bright aerial Spirits live insphair'd

In Regions milde of calm and serene Air,  
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,  
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care  
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being  
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives  
After this mortal change, to her true Servants  
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.  
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire

To

To lay their just hands on that Golden Key  
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:  
To such my errand is, and but for such,  
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,  
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune besides the sway  
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather Jove,  
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles  
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay  
The unadorned boosom of the Deep,  
Which he to grace his tributary gods  
By course commits to severall government,  
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,  
And weild their little tridents, but this Ile  
The greatest, and the best of all the main  
He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,  
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun  
A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power  
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:  
Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,  
Are coming to attend their Fathers state,  
And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way

F 3

Lies



Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandering Passenger.  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
 But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*  
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;  
 And listen why, for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song  
 From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bower.

*Bacchus* that first from out the purple Grape,  
 Crush't the sweet poison of mis-used Wine  
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd  
 Coasting the *Tyrrhen* shore, as the winds fisted,  
 On *Circe* Island fell (who knows not *Circe*  
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup  
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)  
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,  
 With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son  
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Cimmer* nam'd,  
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,  
 Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,

At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,  
 Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,  
 Offering to every weary Traveller,  
 His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass,  
 To quench the drouth of *Phobus*, which as they taste  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)  
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,  
 Th'express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
 Into some brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,  
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were,  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely then before  
 And all their friends, and native home forget  
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual lue.  
 Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,  
 Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,  
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,  
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do: But first I must put off  
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Woolf,  
 And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,



That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,  
 Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present ayd  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

*Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand,  
 his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Mon-  
 sters, headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts,  
 but otherwise like Men and Women, their Ap-  
 parel glistering, they come in making a riotous  
 and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

*Comus.* The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,  
 And the gilded Car of Day,  
 His glowing Axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantick stream,  
 And the slope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,  
 Pacing toward the other gale  
 Of his Chamber in the East.  
 Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,

Midnight

Midnight shout, and revelry,  
 Tipfie dance, and Jollity,  
 Braid your Locks with rose Twine  
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine:  
 Rigor now is gon to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sower Severity,  
 With their grave Saws in slumber lie:  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the Starry Quire,  
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,  
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years,  
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove  
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,  
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,  
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves,  
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,  
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daifies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love,  
 Com let us our rights begin,  
 'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin

Which



Which these dun shades will ne're report,  
 Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport  
 Dark vail'd *Cotytto*, t'whom the secret flame  
 Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame  
 That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air,  
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,  
 Wherin thou rid'st with *Heceat*, and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,  
 The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale Sun discry  
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.  
 Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,  
 In a light fantastick round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,  
 Of som chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,  
 Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure

(For

(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)  
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,  
 And to my wily trains, I shall e're long  
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl  
 My dazling Spells into the spongy ayr,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course:  
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well plac't words of glozing courtesie  
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible  
 Wind me into the easie-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,  
 I shall appear some harmles Villager  
 And hearken, if I may, her busines here.  
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside.

*The Lady enters.*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
 My best guide now, me thought it was the sound  
 Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,

Such



Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,  
 When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss, I should be loath  
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence  
 Of such late Wassailers; yet O where els  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?  
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these Pines,  
 Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side  
 To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable Woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n  
 Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phæbus wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest  
 They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,  
 And envious darknes, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some fellonious end,

In thy dark Lantern thus close up the Stars,  
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misl'd and lonely Traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth  
 Was rise, and perfer in my list'ning ear,  
 Yet nought but single darknes do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory  
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names  
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wilderesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion Conscience.  
 O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a gliftring Guardian if need were  
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.



Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.  
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

*Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen*

*Within thy airy shell*

*By slow Meander's margent green,*

*And in the violet imbroider'd vale*

*Where the love-lorn Nightingale*

*Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.*

*Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair*

*That liketh thy Narcissus are?*

*O if thou have*

*Hid them in som flowry Cave,*

*Tell me but where*

*Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,*

*So maist thou be translated to the skies,*

*And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.*

Com.

*Com.* Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould  
 Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that brest,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testifie his hidd'n residence;  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night  
 At every fall smoothing the Raven doune  
 Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard  
 My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,  
 Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*  
 Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,  
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept;  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,  
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss  
 I never heard till now. Ile speak to her  
 And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed  
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine

Dwell'st



Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

*La.* Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise  
 That is addrest to unattending Ears,  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

*Co.* What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

*La.* Dim darknes, and this leavie Labyrinth.

*Co.* Could that divide you from neer-usher guides?

*La.* They left me weary on a grassie turf.

*Co.* By falsehood, or discourtesie, or why?

*La.* To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.

*Co.* And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?

*La.* They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

*Co.* Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

*La.* How easie my misfortune is to hit!

*Co.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*La.* No less then if I should my brothers loose.

*Co.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

*La.* As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

*Co.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In

In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,  
 Their port was more then human, as they stood;  
 I took it for a faëry vision  
 Of som gay creatures of the element  
 That in the colours of the Rainbow live  
 And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,  
 And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek  
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,  
 To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager  
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Co.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*La.* To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of Star-light,  
 Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,  
 Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.

*Co.* I know each lane, and every alley green  
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,  
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,

G

Or



Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark  
 From her thatch'd pallat rowse, if otherwise  
 I can conduct you Lady to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls  
 And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,  
 And yet is most pretended: In a place  
 Less warranted then this, or less secure  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,  
 Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.----

*The two Brothers*

*Eld. Bro.* Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon  
 That wontst to love the travellers benizon,  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness, and of shades;  
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
 With black usurping mists, som gentle taper

Though

Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole  
 Of som clay habitation visit us  
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,  
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,  
 Or *Tyrian Cynosure*. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks pen'd in their wattled cotes,  
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or Village Cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,  
 'Twould be som solace yet som little chearing  
 In this close dungeon of innumerable bowes.  
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister  
 Where may she wander now, whether betake her  
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?  
 Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears,  
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
 Or while we speak within the direful grasp  
 Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

*Eld. Bro.* Peace Brother, be not over-exquisite  
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;  
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

G 2

What



What need a man foretell his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion?  
 I do not think my sister so to seek,  
 Or so unprincipled in virtues book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness booms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into misbecoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon  
 Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdoms self  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,  
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast  
 May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2. Bro. 'Tis most true  
 That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a Senat house,  
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,  
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch with uninchanting eye,  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unson'd heaps  
 Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.  
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,



Infer, as if I thought my sisters state  
Secure without all doubt, or controversie:  
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear  
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is  
That I encline to hope, rather then fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left  
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength  
Which you remember not.

2. *Bro.* What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

*Eld. Bro.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength  
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:  
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,  
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen  
May trace huge Forrests, and unharbour'd Heaths,  
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,  
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,  
No savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer  
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,  
Yea there, where very desolation dwells  
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,

Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.  
Som say no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
That breaks his magick chains at curfew time,  
No Goblin, or swart Faëry of the mine,  
Hath hurtfull power o're true Virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece  
To testifie the arms of Chastity?  
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow  
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness  
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods.  
What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild  
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,  
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?  
But rigid looks of Chast austeritey,  
And noble grace that dash't brute violence  
With sudden adoration, and blank aw.  
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,



A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in cleer dream, and solemn vision  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in Charnel vaults, and Sepulchers  
 Lingerin, and sitting by a new made grave,  
 As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,  
 And link't it self by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!  
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,

And

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfet reigns. Eld. Bro. Lift, lift, I hear  
 Som far of hallow break the silent Air.

2. Bro. Me thought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain

Either som one like us night-founder'd here,  
 Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,  
 Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister, agen, agen, and neer,  
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,  
 If he be friendly he comes well, if not,  
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

*The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.*

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;  
 Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis*? Whose artful strains have oft delaid  
 The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,  
 And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale,  
 How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any Ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,

Or



Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forfook?  
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

*Spir.* O my lov'd Masters heir, and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth  
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought  
To this my errand, and the care it brought,  
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

*Eld. Bro.* To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame,  
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

*Spir.* Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

*El. Bro.* What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly shew,

*Spir.* Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)  
What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,  
Storied of old in high immortal vers  
Of dire *Chimera's* and enchanted Isles,  
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,  
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,  
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells  
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,

Deep

Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,  
And here to every thirsty wanderer,  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likenes of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage  
Character'd in the face; this have I learn'd  
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells  
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb  
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With Ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy

To



To meditate upon my rural minstrelsie,  
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close  
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,  
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance  
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drowsie frighted steeds  
 That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep;  
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
 Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,  
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more  
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long  
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.  
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
 And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,  
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste  
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place

Where

Where that damn'd wifard hid in fly disguise  
 (For so by certain signes I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The idle innocent Lady his wish'd prey,  
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager;  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she mean'd, with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
 But further know I not. 2. Bro. O night and shades,  
 How are ye joyn'd with Hell in tripple knot  
 Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin  
 Alone, and helpless! is this the confidence  
 You gave me Brother? Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still,  
 Lean on it safely, not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,  
 Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,  
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.  
 But evil on it self shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last

Gather'd



Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,  
 And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.  
 Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n  
 May never this just sword be lifted up,  
 But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt  
 With all the grisly legions that troop  
 Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,  
*Harpies* and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms  
 Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,  
 And force him to restore his purchase back,  
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,  
 Curs'd as his life.

*Spir.* Alas good ventrous youth,  
 I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead,  
 For other arms, and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,  
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,  
 And crumble all thy sinews.

*Eld. Br.* Why prettice Shepherd  
 How durst thou then thy self approach so neer

As

As to make this Relation?

*Spir.* Care and utmost shifts  
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,  
 Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
 In every vertuous plant and healing herb  
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,  
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
 Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,  
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
 And shew me simples of a thousand names  
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;  
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another Countrey, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl:  
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,  
 And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*  
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;  
 He call'd it *Hamony*, and gave it me,  
 And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use

'Gainst



'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp  
 Or gally furies apparition;  
 I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,  
 But now I find it true; for by this means  
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off: if you have this about you  
 (As I will give you when we go) you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancers hall;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
 And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
 But cease his wand, though he and his curst crew  
 Fierce signe of battail make, and menace high,  
 Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak,  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,  
 And som good angel bear a shield before us.

The

*The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with  
 all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables  
 spread with all dainties. Comus appears with  
 his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted  
 Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she  
 puts by, and goes about to rise.*

*Comus.* Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,  
 And you a statue, or as *Daphne* was  
 Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*,

*La.* Fool do not boast,  
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde  
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde  
 Thou haste immariad'd, while Heav'n sees good.

*Co.* Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates  
 Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures  
 That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
 Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.  
 And first behold this cordial Julep here  
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds  
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.  
 Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,

H

In



In Egypt gave to Jove-born *Helena*  
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst,  
 Why should you be so cruel to your self,  
 And to those dainty limms which nature lent  
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,  
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,  
 Scorning the unexempt condition  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted, but fair *Virgin*  
 This will restore all soon.

*La.* 'Twill not false traitor,  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
 That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,  
 These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,  
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,

And

And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?  
 Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

*Co.* O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,  
 And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,  
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.  
 Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
 To deck her Sons, and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns  
 She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with; if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,  
 Th'all-



(116)

Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,  
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,  
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,  
And strangl'd with her waste fertility; (plumes  
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with  
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,  
The Sea o'refraught would swell, & th'unfought diamonds  
Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,  
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below  
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last  
To gaze upon the Sun with shameles brows,  
Lift Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd  
With that same vaunted name Virginity,  
Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,  
But must be currant, and the good thereof  
Consists in mutual and partak'n blifs,  
Unfavoury in th'injoyment of it self  
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.  
Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown  
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities

Where

(117)

Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
It is for homely features to keep home,  
They had their name thence; course complexions  
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.  
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that  
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the the Morn?  
There was another meaning in these gifts,  
Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

*La.* I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler  
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes  
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.  
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:  
Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,  
As if she would her children should be riotous  
With her abundance she good caters  
Means her provision only to the good  
That live according to her sober laws,  
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:  
If every just man that now pines with want  
Had but a moderate and be seeming share  
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury

H 3

Now



Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,  
 Natures full blessings would be well dispene't  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encomber'd with her store,  
 And then the giver would be better thank't,  
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony  
 Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Cramms, and blasphemers his feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said anow? To him that dares  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity;  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness then this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick  
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thy self convince't;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits.

To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

*Co.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by som superior power;  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew  
 Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*  
 To som of *Saturnus* crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,  
 This is meer moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
 And setlings of a melancholy blood;  
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
 Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise, and taste.



*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his  
Glass out of his hand, and break it against the  
ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but  
are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes  
in.*

*Spir.* What, have you let the false Enchanter scape?  
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand  
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,  
And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;  
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,  
Som other means I have which may be us'd,  
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt  
The soothing Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
*Sabrina* is her name, a Virgin pure,  
Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,  
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.  
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdam *Gwendolen*,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood  
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,  
The

The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,  
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall,  
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,  
And underwent a quick immortal change  
Made Goddess of the River; still she retains  
Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at Eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes  
That the shrewd meddling *Elfe* delights to make,  
Which she with pretious viold liquors heals.  
For which the Shepherds at their festivals  
Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy *Daffadils*.  
And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock  
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,  
If she be right invoc't in warbled Song,  
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift  
To aid a Virgin such as was her self



In hard besetting need, this will I try  
And adde the power of som adjuring verse.

## S O N G.

*Sabrina fair*

*Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,  
Listen for dear buyers sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,*

*Listen and save.*

Listen and appear to us  
In name of great Oceanus,  
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
And Tethys grave majestick pace,  
By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,  
And the Carpathian wilards hook,  
By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,  
By Leucosia's lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands,  
By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
And the Songs of Sirens sweet,

By

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
And fair Liges's golden comb,  
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head  
From thy coral-pav'n bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answerd have,

*Listen and save.*

*Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphs, & sings,*

*By the rusky-fringed bank,  
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,  
My sliding Chariot stays,  
Thick set with Agar, and the azara screen  
Of Turkis blew, and Emauld green  
That in the channel strays,  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my princelss feet  
O're the Cowslips Velvet bead,  
That bend, not as I tread,  
Gentle swain at thy request  
I am here.*

*Spir.*



*Spir.* Goddess dear  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true Virgin here distressed,  
 Through the force, and through the wile  
 Of unblest inchanter vile.

*Sab.* Shepherd 'tis my office best  
 To help insnared chastity;  
 Brightest Lady look on me,  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops that from my fountain pure,  
 I have kept of pretious cure,  
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,  
 Next this marble venom'd seat  
 Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
 And I must haste ere morning hour  
 To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr.

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*

*Spir.* Virgin, daughter of *Loecine*  
 Sprung of old *Anchises* line

May

*John Wigan*  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumbled down the snowy hills:  
 Summer drouth, or singed air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,  
 May thy billows rowl ashoar  
 The beryl, and the golden ore,  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tower and terras round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.  
 Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the Sorcerer us entice  
 With som other new device.  
 Not a waste, or needles sound  
 Till we com to holier ground,  
 I shall be your faithfull guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Fathers residence,

Wher.



Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wish't presence, and beside  
 All the Swains that there abide,  
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.  
 Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,  
 But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and  
 the Presidents Castle, then com in Country-  
 Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with  
 the two Brothers and the Lady.*

## S O N G.

*Spir. Back Shepherds, back, enough your play,  
 Till next Sun-shine holiday,  
 Here be without duck or wood  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise  
 With the mirthing Dryades  
 On the Lanes, and on the Leas.*

This

This second Song presents them to their  
 Father and Mother.

*Noble Lord, and Lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own,  
 Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth.  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless Praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

*The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.*

*Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that ly  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the Gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree:  
 Along the crisped shades and bowres  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,*

Th:



The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,  
 Thither all their bounties bring,  
 That there eternal Summer dwels,  
 And West winds, with musky wing  
 About the cedar'n alleys fling  
 Nard, and Cassia's balmy smels.  
 Iris there with humid bow,  
 Waters the odorous banks that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hew  
 Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (Lift mortals if your ears be true)  
 Beds of Hyacinth, and Roses  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian Queen;  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid her fam'd Son advanc'd,  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd  
 After her wandring labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal Bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side

Two blisful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly don,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earths end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
 Love vertue, she alone is free,  
 She can teach ye how to clime  
 Higher then the Spheary chime;  
 Or if Vertue feeble were,  
 Heav'n it self would stoop to her.



PSAL. I. Done into Verse, 1653.

**B**less'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked, and ith' way  
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great  
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,  
And in his Law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watry streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,  
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruine must.

PSAL.

PSAL. II. Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzett.

**W**hy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations  
muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth up-  
With power, and Princes in their Congregations (stand  
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,  
Against the Lord and his Messias dear  
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell  
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith bee  
anointed have my King (though ye rebell)  
On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree  
I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd  
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee  
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
As thy possession I on thee bestow  
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse  
Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.

I 2

And



And now be wise at length ye Kings averſe  
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe  
 With trembling; kiſs the Son leaſt he appear  
 In anger and ye periſh in the way  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere,  
 Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSAL. 3. Aug. 9. 1653.

*When he fled from Abſalom.*

**L**Ord how many are my foes  
 How many thoſe  
 That in arms againſt me riſe  
 Many are they  
 That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,  
 No help for him in God there lies.  
 But thou Lord art my ſhield my glory,  
 Thee through my ſtory  
 Th' exalter of my head I count  
 Aloud I cry'd  
 Unto Jehovah, he ſhall ſoon reply'd  
 And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay

I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,  
 For my ſuſtain;  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not though incamping round about  
 They pitch againſt me their Pavillions.  
 Riſe Lord, ſave me my God for thou  
 Haſt ſmote ere now  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
 Of men abhor'd  
 Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord  
 Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

**A**Nſwer me when I call  
 God of my righteouſneſs  
 In ſtraights and in diſtreſs  
 Thou didſt me diſinthrall  
 And ſet at large; now ſpare,  
 Now pity me, and hear my earneſt praiſe.  
 Great ones how long will ye  
 My glory have in ſcorn  
 How long be thus forborn

I 3

ſtil



Still to love vanity,  
 To love, to seek, to prize  
 Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?  
 Yet know the Lord hath chose  
 Chose to himself a part  
 The good and meek of heart  
 (For whom to chuse he knows)  
 Jehovah from on high  
 Will hear my voyce what time to him I crye.  
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,  
 Speak to your hearts alone,  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within.  
 Offer the offerings just  
 Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.  
 Many there be that say  
 Who yet will shew us good?  
 Talking like this worlds brood;  
 But Lord, thus let me pray,  
 On us lift up the light  
 Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put  
 Than when a year of glut

Their

Their stores doth over-cloy  
 And from their plenteous grounds  
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where ere I lie  
 As in a rocky Cell  
 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

---

PSAL. V. Aug. 12. 1653.

**J**ehovah to my words give ear  
 My meditation waigh  
 The voyce of my complaining hear  
 My King and God for unto thee I pray.  
 Jehovah thou my early voyce  
 Shalt in the morning hear  
 Ith' morning I to thee with choyce  
 Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear,  
 For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight  
 Evil with thee no biding makes  
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.



All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly  
 The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear  
 Thy numerous mercies go  
 Into thy house; I in thy fear  
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low  
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness  
 Lead me because of those  
 That do observe If I transgress  
 Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.  
 For in his faltring mouth unstable  
 No word is firm or sooth  
 Their inside, troubles miserable;  
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.  
 God, find them guilty, let them fall  
 By their own counsels quell'd;  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;  
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
 Their joy, while thou from blame  
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.

For

For thou Jehovah wilt be found  
 To blest the just man still,  
 As with a shield thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSAL. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

**L**ord in thine anger do not reprehend me  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me Lord for I am much deject  
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,  
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,  
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore  
 And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore  
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
 Wearied I am with fighting out my dayes,  
 Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;  
 My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 It's mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.  
 Depart all ye that work iniquitie.

Depart



(138)

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping  
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r  
My supplication with acceptance fair  
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't  
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,  
They shall return in haste the way they came  
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.*

**L**ord my God to thee I flie  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection while I crie,  
Least as a Lion (and no wonder)  
He hast to tear my Soul asunder  
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought  
Or done this, if wickedness  
Be in my hands, if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace,

Or

(139)

Or to him have render'd less,  
And not fre'd my foe for naught;  
Let th' enemy pursue my soul  
And overtake it, let him tread  
My life down to the earth and roud  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust and there out spread  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.  
Rise Jehovah in thine ire  
Rouze thy self amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire,  
And wake for me, their furi' assuage;  
Judgment here thou didn't engage  
And command which I desire.  
So th' assemblies of each Nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right,  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the worlds foundation.  
Judge me Lord, be judge in this  
According to my righteousness  
And the innocence which is

upon



(140)

Upon me: cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness  
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies  
In him who both just and wise  
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If th' unjust will not forbear,  
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute.) Behold  
He travels big with vanitie,  
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old  
As in a womb, and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.  
He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made.

His

(141)

His mischief that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
Of violence will undelay'd  
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise  
And sing the Name and Deitie  
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.

**O** Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?  
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearch,  
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes  
To stint th' enemy, and slack th'avengers brow  
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose  
When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,  
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,  
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And



And think'st upon him: or of man begot  
 That him thou visit'st and of him art found;  
 Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,  
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd,  
 O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
 All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forrest meet.  
 Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet  
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth.  
 O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April.

April. 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all  
 but what is in a different Character, are the  
 very words of the Text, translated from the  
 Original.*

PSAL. LXXX.

- 1 **T**Hou Shepherd that dost Israel keep  
 Give ear in time of need,  
 Who leade'st like a flock of sheep  
 Thy loved Joseph's seed,  
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright  
 Between their wings out-spread  
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,  
 And on our foes thy dread
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamins,  
 And in Manasse's sight  
 Awake \* thy strength, come, and be seen \* *Gubern.*  
 To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, thy grace divine  
 To us O God vouchsafe;  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine  
 And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord



- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy \* smoking wrath, and angry brow \* *Gnashanta*  
Against thy peoples praise.
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
Their bread with tears they eat,  
And mak'st them \* largely drink the tears \* *Shalish*  
*Wherwith their cheeks are wet.*
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey  
To every neighbour foe,  
Among themselves they \* laugh, they \* play,  
And \* flouts at us they throw \* *Jilnaga*
- 7 Return us, and thy grace divine,  
O God of Hosts vouchsafe  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,  
Thy free love made it shine,  
And drov'st out Nations proud and haught  
To plant this lovely Vine.
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place  
And root it deep and fast  
That it began to grow apace,  
And fill'd the land at last.

10 With

- 10 With her green shade that cover'd all,  
The Hills were over-spread  
Her Bows as high as Cedars tall  
*Advanc'd their lofty head.*
- 11 Her branches on the western side  
Down to the Sea she sent,  
And upward to that river wide  
Her other branches went.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low  
And brok'n down her Fence,  
That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*
- 13 The tusked Boar out of the wood  
Up turns it by the roots,  
Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food  
*Her Grapes and tender Shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,  
Behold us, but without a frown,  
And visit this thy Vine.
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted long,  
And the young branch, that for thy self  
Thou hast made firm and strong.

K

16 But



- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,  
And cut *with Axes* down,  
They perish at thy dreadfull ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,  
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou  
Strong for thy self hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
To *wayes of sin and shame*,  
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee  
Shall call upon thy Name.  
Return us, and *thy grace divine*  
Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe*,  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

## PSAL. LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God our strength sing loud, and clear  
Sing loud to God our King,  
To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*  
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare

- 2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song  
The Timbrel hither bring  
The *cheerfull* Psaltry bring along  
And Harp *with pleasant string*,
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new Moon  
With Trumpets *lofty sound*,  
Th' appointed time, the day wheron  
Our solemn Feast comes round.
- 4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*  
For Israel to observe  
A Law of Jacobs God, to hold  
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a Testimony ordain'd  
In Joseph, *not to change*,  
When as he pass'd through *Ægypt land*;  
The Tongue I heard, was strange.
- 6 From burden, and from slavish toyle  
I set his shoulder free;  
His hands from pots, and mirie soyle  
Deliver'd were by me.
- 7 When trouble did thee fore assaile,  
On me *then* didst thou call,  
And I to free thee *did not faile*,  
And led thee out of thrall.

K 2

I



I answer'd thee in <sup>2</sup> thunder deep <sup>2</sup> Be Seiber <sup>2</sup> *rejoice*  
 With clouds encompass'd round;  
 I tri'd thee at the water sleep  
 Of Meriba *renew'd*.  
 8 Hear O my people, *heark'n well*,  
 I testify to thee  
*Thou ancient sith of Israel*,  
 If thou wilt list to mee,  
 9 Through out the land of thy abode  
 No alien God shall be  
 Nor shalt thou to a forein God  
 In honour bend thy knee.  
 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought  
 Thee out of Egypt land  
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
 Will grant thy full demand.  
 11 And yet my people would not hear,  
 Nor hearken to my voice;  
 And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*  
 Mistlik'd me for his choice.  
 12 Then did I leave them to their will  
 And to their wandering mind;  
 Their own conceits they follow'd still  
 Their own devises blind,

O that my people would be wise  
 To serve me all their daies,  
 And O that Israel would *adise*  
 To walk my righteous waies.  
 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes  
 That *now so proudly rise*,  
 And turn my hand against all *those*  
 That are their enemies.  
 15 Who hate the Lord should then be faine  
 To bow to him and bend,  
 But they, *his People*, should remaine,  
 Their time should have no end.  
 16 And we would feed them *from the flock*  
 With flower of finest wheat,  
 And satisfie them from the rock  
 With Honey for their Meate.

## PSAL. LXXXII.

**G**OD <sup>2</sup> *great* <sup>2</sup> *assembly* stands  
 Of Kings and lordly States, <sup>2</sup> *Bagdash-el*  
 Among the gods <sup>2</sup> *up both his hands* <sup>2</sup> *Behemoth*  
 He judges and debates. <sup>2</sup> *How*



2 How long will ye \*pervert the right  
With \*judgment false and wrong  
Favouring the wicked by your might.

Who thence grow bold and strong  
3 \* Regard the \* weak and fatherless  
\* Dispatch the \* poor mans cause,  
And † raise the man in deep distress  
By † just and equal Lawes.

4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him that help demands.

5 They know not nor will understand,  
In darkness they walk on  
The Earths foundations all are \* mov'd  
And \* out of order gon.

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all  
The Sons of God most high

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other Princes die.

8 Rise God, \* judge thou the earth in might,  
This wicked earth \* redress,  
For thou art he who shalt by right  
The Nations all possess.

\* Tishpheta  
gnavel.

\* Shiphthu-dal.

† Hatzdiku.

\* Jimmoth.

\* Shiphtha.

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 **B**E not thou silent now at length  
O God hold not thy peace,  
Sit not thou still O God of strength  
We cry and do not cease.

2 For lo thy furious foes now \* swell  
And \* storm outrageously,  
And they that hate thee proud and fell  
Exalt their heads full hie.

3 Against thy people they † contrive  
† Their Plots and Counsels deep,

\* Them to ensnare they chiefly strive \* Fishjagnatsugnal.  
\* Whom thou dost hide and keep. \* Tsephuneca.

4 Come let us cut them off say they,  
Till they no Nation be  
That Israels name for ever may  
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult † with all their might, † Lev jachdan.  
And all as one in mind  
Themselves against thee they unite  
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of scornful Ishmael,

K 4

Moab,



Moab, with them of Hagar's blood  
That in the Desart dwell,

7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,  
And hateful Amalec,

The Philistims, and they of Tyre  
Whose bounds the Sea doth check,

8 With them great Aschur also bands  
And doth confirm the knot,

All these have lent their armed hands  
To aid the Sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian bold  
That wasted all the Coast

To Sisera, and as is told  
Thou didst to Jabins host,

When at the brook of Kishon old  
They were repulst and slain,

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd  
As dung upon the plain.

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped  
So let their Princes speed

As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled  
So let their Princes bleed.

12 For they amidst their pride have said  
By right now shall we seize

Gods

Gods houses, and will now invade

† Their stately Palaces.

† Neath Elohim

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel *bears both.*

No quiet let them find;

Giddy and restless let them reel

Like stubble from the wind.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire

Which on a sudden straiers,

The greedy flame runs hier and hier

Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,

And with thy tempest chase;

16 \* And till they \* yield thee honour due; \* They seek

Lord fill with shame their face. *thy Name, Heb.*

17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,

Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,

Ever confounded, and so die

With shame, and scape it never.

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name

Jehova is alone,

Art the most high, and thou the same

O're all the earth art one.

PSAL.



## PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!

O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
The pleasant Tabernacles are!

*Where thou dost dwell, so near.*

2 My Soul doth long and almost die

Thy Courts O Lord to see,  
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the Sparrow freed from wrong

Hath found a house of rest,  
The Swallow there, to lay her young

Hath built her brooding nest,  
Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hosts

*They find their safe abode,  
And home they fly from round the Coasts*

*Toward thee, My King, my God.*

4 Happy, who in thy house reside

Where thee they ever praise,

5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy waies.

6 They pass through Baca's thirstie Vale,  
*That dry and barren ground*

As

As through a fruitfull watry Dale  
Where Springs and Showrs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladfom cheer*

Till all before our God at length  
In Sion do appear.

8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer  
O Jacobs God give ear,

9 Thou God our shield look on the face  
Of thy anointed dear.

10 For one day in thy Courts to be  
Is better, and more blest

Then in the joyes of Vanity,  
A thousand daies at best.

I in the temple of my God  
Had rather keep a dore,

Then dwell in Tents, and rich abode  
With Sin for evermore.

11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield  
Gives grace and glory bright,

No good from them shall be with-held  
Whose waies are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,  
That man is truly blest,

Who



Who *only* on thee doth relie,  
And in thee only rest.

## PSAL. LXXXV.

**T**hy Land to favour graciously  
Thou hast not Lord been slack,  
Thou hast from *hard* Captivity  
Returned Jacob back.  
2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe,  
[ And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve*  
Hast hid *where none shall know*  
3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,  
And *calmly* didst return  
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd † *Hob.*  
Far worse then fire to burn. *The burning heat*  
4 God of our saving health and peace, *of thy wrath.*  
Turn us, and us restore,  
Thine indignation cause to cease  
Toward us, *and chide no more.*  
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
For ever angry thus  
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
From age to age on us?

6 Wilt

6 Wilt thou not \* turn, and *hear our voice* \* *Heb. Turn*  
And us again \* revive, *to quicken us,*  
That so thy people may rejoyce  
By thee preserv'd alive.  
7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,  
To us thy mercy shew  
Thy saving health to us afford  
*And life in us renew.*  
8 And now what God the Lord will speak  
I will go *strait* and hear,  
For to his people he speaks peace  
And to his Saints *full dear,*  
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*  
9 Surely to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand  
And glory shall ere long appear  
To dwell within our Land.  
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were* *disf'd*  
Now joyfully are met  
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd  
*And hand in hand are set.*

Truth



- 11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*  
 Shall bud and blossom *then*,  
 And Justice from her heavenly bow  
 look down *on mortal men*.
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good  
 Our Land shall forth in plenty throw  
 Her fruits *to be our food*.
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go  
*His Royal Harbinger*,  
 Then \* will he come, and not be slow  
 His footsteps cannot err.  
 \* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

## PSAL. LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**hy gracious ear, O Lord, encline,  
 O hear me *I thee pray*,  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 with need, *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod  
 Thy waies, and love the just, † Heb. *I am good,*  
 Save thou thy servant O my God *loving, a doer of*  
 Who still in thee doth trust. *good and holy*  
*things.*

3 Pitty

- 3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee  
 I call; 4. O make rejoyce  
 Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee  
 I lift my soul *and voice*,
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone  
 To pardon, thou to all  
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*  
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication Lord  
 give ear, and to the crie  
 Of my *incessant* praies afford  
 Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distress  
 Will call on thee *for aid*;  
 For thou wilt grant me free access  
 And answer, *what I pray'd*.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none  
 O Lord, nor any works  
 Of all that other gods have done  
 Like to thy glorious works.
- 9 The Nations all whom thou hast made  
 Shall come, and all shall frame  
 To bow them low before thee Lord,  
 And glorifie thy name.

10 For



(160)

10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done,  
Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*  
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me O Lord thy way *most right*,  
I in thy truth will bide,  
To fear thy name my heart unite  
*So shall it never slide*

12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God  
*Thee honour, and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for ever more.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast free'd my Soul  
Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free  
*From deepest darkness foul.*

14 O God the proud against me rise  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou Lord art the God most mild  
Readiest thy grace to shew,  
Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*  
Most mercifull, most true.

16 O

(161)

16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,  
And me have mercy on,  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy hand-maids Son.  
17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then* see  
And be asham'd, because thou Lord  
Do'st help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 **A**mong the holy Mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast,  
*There Seated in his Sanctuary,*  
*His Temple there is plac'd.*

2 Sions fair Gates the Lord loves more  
Then all the dwellings faire  
Of Jacobs Land, *though there be store,*  
*And all within his care.*

3 City of God, most glorious things  
Of thee abroad are spoke;

4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke,*

L

I men-



I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philistia full of scorn,  
 And Tyre with Ethiops utmost ends,  
 Lo this man there was born:

5 But *wise that praise shall in our ear*  
 Be said of Sion last

This and this man was born in her,  
 High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle  
 That ne're shall be out-worn  
 When he the Nation doth enroll  
 That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance  
*With sacred Songs are there,*  
*In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance*  
*And all my fountains clear.*

## PSAL. LXXV. VIII.

1 **L**ord God that dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry;  
 And all night long, before thee weep  
 Before thee prostrate lie.

2 Into

2 Into thy presence let my praier  
*With sighs devout ascend*  
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are,  
 Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store  
 Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,  
 My life at deaths uncherful dore  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass  
 Down to the dismal pit  
 I am a \* man, but weak alas  
 And for that name unfit.

\* Heb. *A man without*  
*manly strength,*

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite  
 Among the dead to sleep,  
 And like the slain in bloody fight  
 That in the grave lie deep.  
 Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd o're  
*Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.*

6 Thou in the lowest pit profound  
 Hast set me all forlorn,  
 Where thickest darkness hovers round,  
 In horrid deeps to mourn.

L 2

7 Thy



(164)

- 7 Thy wrath from *which no shelter saves*  
Full fore doth press on me;  
\* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
\* And all thy waves break me.  
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And mak'st me odious,  
Me to them odious, *for they change,*  
And I here pent up thus.  
9 Through sorrow, and affliction great  
Mine eye grows dim and dead,  
Lord all the day I thee entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread.  
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,  
Shall the deceas'd arise  
And praise thee from *their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes?*  
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell  
On whom the grave hath hold,  
Or they *who* in perdition dwell  
Thy faithfulness unfold?  
12 In darkness can thy mighty hand  
Or wondrous acts be known,  
Thy justice in the gloomy land  
Of dark oblivion?

\* The Hebr.  
bears both.

(165)

- 13 But I to thee O Lord do cry  
E're yet my life be spent,  
And *up to thee* my praier doth bid  
Each morn, and thee prevent.  
14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me,  
15 That am already bruise'd, and + shake  
With terror sent from thee;  
Bruise'd, and afflicted and so low  
As ready to expire,  
While I thy terrors undergo  
Astonish'd with thine ire.  
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow  
Thy threatnings cut me through.  
17 All day they round about me go,  
Like waves they me pursue.  
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd  
And sever'd from me far.  
They fly me *now* whom I have lov'd,  
And as in darkness are.

+ Heb. Pre  
Concussione.

F I N I S.

13 But



Joannis Miltoni  
LONDINENSIS  
POEMAT.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum  
ætatis Vigesium Conscripsit.

*Nunc primum Edita.*



LONDINI,  
Excudebat W. R. Anno 1673.





**H**Æc quæ sequuntur de Authore  
testimonia, tametsi ipse intelli-  
gebat non tam de se quam supra  
se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro  
ingenio viri, nec non amici ita  
fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius vir-  
tutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis  
cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egre-  
giam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum  
alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suade-  
rent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis  
ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus  
æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judi-  
cium interim hominum cordatorum atque il-  
lustrum quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare  
non potest.

Joannes



*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio  
Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem  
Miltonium Anglum.*

**V**T mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verum herclè Angelus ipse fores.

*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici  
poeseos laurea coronandum Græca nimirum,  
Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma  
Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

**C**Ede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;  
Seberus Tassum desinat usque loqui;  
At Thamefis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
Nam per te, Milco, par tribus unus erit.

*Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

**G**Ræcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.  
Selvaggi.

*Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.*

O D E.

**E**Rgimi all' Etra o Clío  
Perche di stelle intrecciero corona  
Non più del Biondo Dio  
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,  
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,  
A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del tempo edace  
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
Non può l'oblio rapace  
Furar dalle memorie eccelsa onore,  
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
Virtù m'addattì, e ferì la morte.

Del Ocean profondo  
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede  
Separata dal mondo,  
Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede:  
Questa seconda sa produrre Eroi,  
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla



Alla virtù sbandita  
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,  
 Quella gli e sol gradita,  
 Perché in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;  
 Ridillo tu, Giovanti, e mostra in tanto  
 Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido  
 Spinse Zeus l'industre ardente brama;  
 Ch'udio d' Helena il grido  
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
 E per poterla effigiare al paro  
 Dalle più belle Idee trasse il prim'varo.

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa  
 Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
 Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,  
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante  
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le peregrine piante  
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;  
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
 E dell'Italia ancor gl'Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino  
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero  
 Vide in ogni confino  
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;  
 L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea  
 Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l'Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora  
 O in lei del parlar Tosca appreser l'arte,  
 La cui memoria onora  
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
 E parlasti con lor nell'opre loro.

Nell'altera Babelle  
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
 Che per varie favelle  
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:



Gb' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno Idioma  
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani  
Cb' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
Cb' a Ingegni sovrumani  
Tropo avara tal' bor gli chiude, e serra;  
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,  
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermar si gl' anni,  
Che di virtù immortale  
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;  
Che s'opre degne di Poema e storia  
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

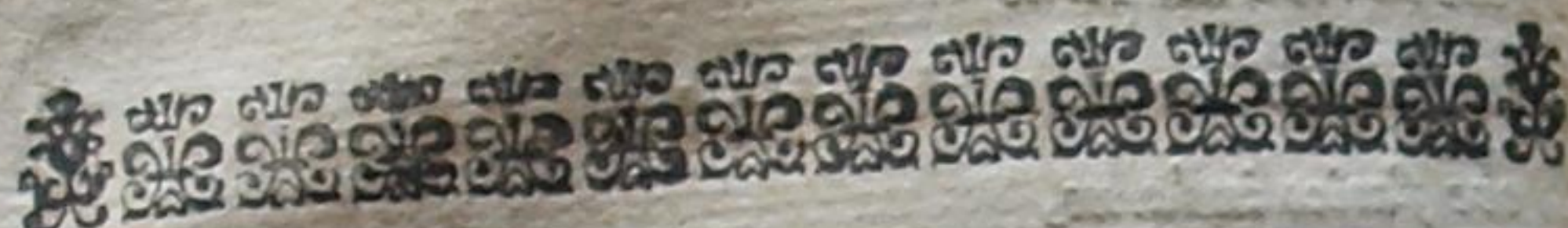
Dammi una dolce Cetra  
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto;  
Cb' anzi andoti all' Etra  
Di farli buono ce' este ottiene il vanto,  
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso  
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno  
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro  
So che fatica indarno,  
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del fig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo  
Fiorentino.

30 ANNI





JOANNI MLTONI  
LONDINENSI.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

**V**iro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cuius ore lingue jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cuius animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cuius opera ad plausum hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In Intellectu Sapientia: In voluntate ardor gloriæ: In ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos cœlestium Sphærarum sonitus Astronomia Duce audienti; Characteres mirabilis naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra Philosophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua autorum Lestione.

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cuius virtutibus evulgandis ora Fama non sufficiant, nec hominum stator in laudandis satis est. Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

Elegiarum



ELEGIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad Carolum Diodatum.

**T**andem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas,  
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab ora  
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.

Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas

Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,

Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem

Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.

Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit undâ,

Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,

Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,

Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri

Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

M

Si



Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
 Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.  
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;  
 Non tunc Jonio quicquam cecidisset Homero  
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.  
 Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,  
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.  
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
 Seu catus auditor senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,  
 Sive decennali sæcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,  
 Sæpe vaser gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragedia sceptrum  
 Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
 Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,  
 Intredum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,  
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor  
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,  
 Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt,  
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo  
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.  
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammæ  
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ  
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis;  
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;  
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,  
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.  
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.  
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.



(14)

Cedite Achæmeniae turritâ fronte puellæ,  
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitte Nymphæ,  
Et vos Iliacæ, Romulæque nurus.  
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas  
Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.  
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.  
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis  
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno  
Endymionæ turba ministra deæ,  
Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque aurôque puellæ  
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias,  
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
Astego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,  
Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;  
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes  
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

(15)

Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholæ.  
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

*In obitum Præconis Academici  
Cantabrigiensis.*

**T**E, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis  
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,  
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis  
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.  
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,  
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula  
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.

M 3

Talis



Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Rettulit Atridae iussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,  
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegia tristes,  
 Personet & totis nenia moesta scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

*In obitum Præfulis Wintoniensis.*

**M**œstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,  
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis Imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore tures  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipue luxi dignissime præsul,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;  
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,  
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovis;  
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas perferant iras,  
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa;  
 Nec finis ut semper flavio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aque?  
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima coelo  
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
 Et quod alant mutum Proteos antra pecus,  
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
 Semideamque animam sede fugasse suâ?  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessio submerserat æquore curram  
 Phœbus, ab eò littore mensus iter.



Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,  
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.  
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,  
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.  
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
 Ditiôr Hesperio flavet arena Tago.  
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,  
 Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
 Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit lato florea terra sono.

Agmina

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis,  
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;  
 Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,  
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.  
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,  
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum,  
 apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ  
 agentes, Pastoris munere surgentem.*

Curre per immensum subito mea littera pontum,  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros,  
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstat eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At



At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præsul Christicolæ pascere doctus oves;  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.  
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!  
 Chæior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Cræsum  
 Cliniasi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.  
 Quamque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreus Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,  
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,  
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis æthon;  
 Induxitque auro lanæ terga novo,  
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorigenilem  
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Ausser opes:  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,  
 Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.  
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus,  
 Utque solet, maltam, sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.  
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis  
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus:  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem  
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.

AN



Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.  
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,  
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,  
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.  
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.  
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.  
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!  
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,  
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.  
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
 Et lata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.  
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,  
 Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos.  
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,

Fugit

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo  
 Creditur ad superas iusta volasse domos.  
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;  
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates  
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.  
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis  
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere sætus;  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,  
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?  
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia telqua pede,  
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.  
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Jesum  
 Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.

At



At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia cuspis  
 Nec tua contemnat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela nocem,  
 At nullis vel inerte latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,  
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;  
 Ille Sionæ qui tot sub moenibus artis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras  
 Misit ab antiquis præca Damascenis agris,  
 Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosum dum quatit actus humum,  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentium,  
 Et strepitus lenti, eorumque alta virum.  
 Et tu (quod superest miser) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.  
 Nec dubitas quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia

Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

*In adventum veris.*

**I**N se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.  
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluta geli dulce virgescit humus.  
 Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in cærmina vires,  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adesse?  
 Munere veris adesse, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.  
 Concitaque arcado servant mihi pectora mota,  
 Et furor, & scipitas me facer intus agit.  
 Delius ipse venit, video Penæide lauro  
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,  
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo,  
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,  
 Et mihi sana patent interiora Deum.  
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiant oculos Tartara cœci meos.

Quid



Quid tam grande sonat discento spiritus ore?  
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?  
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis

Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus.

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, & hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.

Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,

Fleat ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Boötes

Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,

Neve Giganteum Diis timuere scelus.

Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,

Rosida cum primo sole rubescit humus.

Hæc, ait, hæc certè caruisti nocte puellâ

Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit

Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,

Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur

Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,

Quid juvat effæcto procubuisse toro?

Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,

Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet,

Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,

Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.

Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,

Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;

Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,

Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,

Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto

Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis.

Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua ludo,

Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,

Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.

Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos

Tenorio placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,

Mellitæque movent flamina verna preces.

N

Cinnamæa

Læta



Cinnamēa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alā,  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, & hinc tuculos adjuvat ipsa tuos,  
 Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.  
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,  
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno  
 Hesperis recipit Cæcula mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,  
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?  
 Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,  
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.  
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,  
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,  
 Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum

Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
 Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;  
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.  
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,  
 Litus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.  
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,  
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris  
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.  
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,  
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.  
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor.  
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
 Natvia nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,  
 Delphinæque leves ad vada summa vocat.

N. 2

Jupiter



Jupiter ipse alto cum conjugē ludit Olympo,  
 Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepusculā surgunt,  
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro.  
 Sylvanusque suā Cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis  
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
 Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Magnalios Pan,  
 Vix Cybele mater, vix tibi tuta Ceres,  
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,  
 Jamque latet, latitantque cupit male tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.  
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
 Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.  
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris  
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?  
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales  
 Quâ potes, & sensum tempora veris eant.  
 Brumaque productas tardè serat hispida noctes,  
 Inguat & nostro senior umbra polo.

## Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri com-  
 morantem.

*Qui cum idibus Decemb. scripisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, hanc satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc habuit responsum.*

**M**itto tibi finam non pleno ventre salutem,  
 Quâ tu dissentio forte carere potes.  
 At tua quid nostram proletrat Musa camœnam,  
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamèntque colamque,  
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.  
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos intèger ipse pedes.  
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim  
 Festaque cœlisugam quæ coluere Deum,  
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.  
 Quid queretis refugam vino dapibusque poësin?  
 Carmen amat Bacehum, Carmina Bacchus amat.



Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
 Sæpius Actæis clamavit collibus Euxæ  
 Mistæ Thyonæo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:  
 Non illic epulæ non lata vitis erat.  
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lygum  
 Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis,  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumæsius Evan,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.  
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,  
 Et volat Elæo pulvere fuscus eques.  
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho  
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen,  
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa parata,  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.  
 Massica fecundam despumant pocula venam,  
 Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum  
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te  
 Numinae composito tres peperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi calato barbitos auro  
 Insonat arguta molliter iæta manu;

Auditurque

Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.  
 Illa trias saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
 Implet odoratos festa choreæ tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,  
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,  
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;  
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
 Et cum purpuræa matre tenellis Amor.  
 Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,  
 Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.  
 At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove coelum,  
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,  
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri  
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ cistillo,  
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.

N 4

Additur



Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,  
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.  
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis  
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per Monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,  
 Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas rex inne domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,  
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.  
 At tu si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti; femine regem,  
 Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris,  
 Vagiturque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto  
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,  
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.

Dona

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa  
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis  
 undevigesimo.

**N**ondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne suit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.  
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,  
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ:  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:  
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem  
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.

Astat



Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,  
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:  
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.  
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;  
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas  
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;  
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,  
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.  
 Et miser exemplo sapiisses tutius, inquit,  
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.  
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;  
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certius & gravius tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.

Jupiter

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,  
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem,  
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,  
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, faciêque simillima turba dearum  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias,  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,  
 Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.  
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia mihi  
 Neve oculos potui continuïsse meos.  
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.

Hanc



Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
Solut & hos nobis texuit ante dolos.

Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
Infilic hinc labiis, infidet inde genis:

Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inermis ferit.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.

Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,  
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.

Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, & excors,  
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.

Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,  
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,  
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.

Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.

Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores  
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.

O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
Vultus, & coram tristia verba loqui!

Forfitan

Forfitan & duro non est adamante creata,

Fortè nec ad nostras sic deat illa preces.

Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,

Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.

Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,  
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,  
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
Solut & in superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,  
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:

Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

**H**Æc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino  
Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.

Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.

Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.

Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.

Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,  
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipse Venus.

In



*In Proditionem Bombardicam.*

**C**um simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos  
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,  
 Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus;  
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,  
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.  
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis  
 Liquit Jōrdanios turbine raptus agros.

*In eandem.*

**S**iccine tentasti cælo donâsse Jācobum  
 Quæ septemgeminæ Belua monte lates?  
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
 Parce precor donis infidiosa tuis.  
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit  
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
 Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,  
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,  
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
 Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter.

*In eandem.*

**P**urgatorem animæ derisit Iācobus ignem,  
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.  
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ  
 Movit & horrificum corona dena minax.  
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,  
 Supplicium spretâ rēlligione dabis.  
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammæ triste patebit iter.  
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni  
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

*In eandem.*

**Q**uem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnarât Tænarioque sinu,  
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evchere usque Deos.

*In*



(42)  
*In inventorem Bombardæ.*

**I** Apetionidem laudavi; cæca vetustas,  
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

*Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.*

**A** Ngelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
Obtrigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus,  
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,  
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.  
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertius cæli  
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
Sensim immortalis affigere posse sono.  
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fufus,  
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

*Ad eandem.*

**A** ltera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,  
Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.  
Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo  
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!

Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentam  
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,  
Quamvis Dirceò torfisset lumina Pentheo  
Sævior, aut totus desipulisset iners,  
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus  
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;  
Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem  
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

*Ad eandem.*

**C** Redula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,  
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,  
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ  
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
Illa quidem vivitque, & amoenâ Tibridis undâ  
Mutavit rauci murmura Paufilipi.  
Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

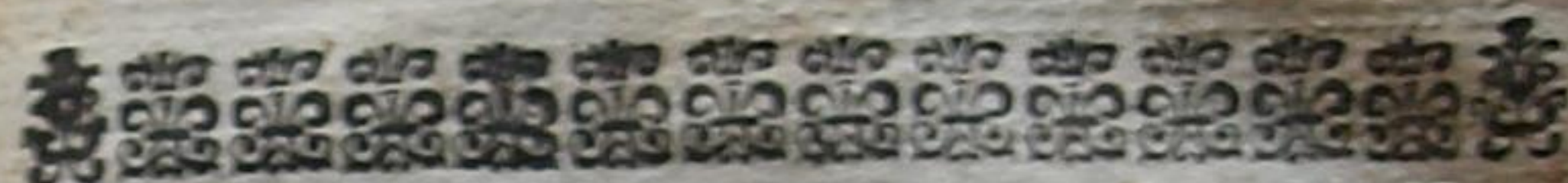




*Apologus de Rustico & Hero.*

**R**usticus ex Malo, sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
 Hic incredibili fructus dulcedine Captus  
 Malum ipsam in proprias trapulit areolas.  
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
 Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
 Damnabit celeres in sua damna manus.  
 Atque ait, Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni  
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!  
 Possem Ego avaritiam frenare, gulamque voracem:  
 Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipsa parens.

*Elegiarum Finis.*



*Sylvarum Liber.*

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum  
 Procancellarii medici.

**P**arere fati discite legibus,  
 Manusque Parce jam date supplices,  
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.  
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro  
 Semel vocarit flebilis, heu mox  
 Tentantur incassum dolique  
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est:  
 Si desunatam pellere dextera  
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules  
 Nessi venenatus cruore  
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Octâ.  
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ  
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hæctora, aut  
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.



(46)

Si triste fatum verba Hecatēia  
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
Vixisset infamis, potentique  
Ægiali soror usa virgā,  
Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
Artes medentū, ignotaque gramina,  
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
Eurypyli cecidisset hastā,  
Læsisset & nec te Philyreie  
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,  
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.  
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,  
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,  
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi  
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,  
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis  
Horribiles barathri recessus.  
At fila rupit Persephone tua  
Irata, cum te viderit artibus  
Succoque pollenti tot atris  
Fausibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende

(47)

Colende præses, membra precor tua  
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo  
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,  
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,  
Interque felices perennis  
Elysio spatire campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno  
ætatis 17.

Jam pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto  
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna  
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus  
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis;  
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat  
In solio, occultique doli securus & hostis:  
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,  
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernaque fideles,  
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;  
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,

O 3

Illig



Illic unanimes odium firmit inter amicos,  
 Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;  
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,  
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,  
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris  
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
 Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astis,  
 Talibus infestat populos Samartius & urbes  
 Cinctus czruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
 Jamque fluentifonis albertia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem  
 Equore tranato furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnatas crudelia sæcula Troiæ.

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam  
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes & laudum olentia sulphur.  
 Quia Trinacriâ trax ab Jove clausus in Ætna

Effat

Effat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphoeus.  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantius ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis,  
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mando  
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrique jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tantumvis possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,  
 Hactenus; & piceis liquido notat aere pennis;  
 Quâ volat, adversâ præcursant agmine venti,  
 Desistant nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinolas velox superaverat alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniz fines, à parte sinistra  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, pascique Sabinæ,  
 Dextera veneficus infamis Hetruria, nec non  
 Te furtiva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consiliis in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
 Evehitur, præcunt subenisso poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereæque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cummerius nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.

O 4

Templa



Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.  
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,  
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
 Dum tremuit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,  
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni mere peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
 Præcipientesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,  
 Atque Acherontæo progeneratam patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres.

Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
 Producat steriles molli sine pellice noctes)  
 At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos,  
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,  
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine reclusus  
 Affuit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
 Buba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
 Syrmate veritæ humanæ vestis, penderque cucullus  
 Vertice de naso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Canabæo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces.

Tarda

Tarda fenestratæ figens vestigia calcæis.  
 Talis uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:  
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademæque triplex  
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
 Damque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:  
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,  
 Cui referata patet convexi janda cæli,  
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
 Et memor Hesperis disjectam ulciscere classem,  
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probro læ,  
 Thermodoontæa nuper regnante puellæ.  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,

Signaque



Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:  
 Reliquas veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,  
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,  
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est;  
 Jamque ad confilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.  
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos  
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquâ mne tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa faceſſere Papæ.  
 Percuſſosque metu subito, caſumque ſtupentes  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque ſecundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina ſacris.  
 Dixit & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam

Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Veſtit inauratas redeunt lumina terras;  
 Mæſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
 Irrigat ambroſiis montana cæcimina guttis;  
 Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aula  
 Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens.  
 Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis  
 Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,  
 Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodoteque bilinguis  
 Efferâ quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu  
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,  
 Oſſa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;  
 Hic Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,  
 Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces.  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur  
 Et timor, exanguis que locum circumvolat Horror,  
 Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes  
 Exululat, tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſagnat.  
 Ipi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque ſequentem per antrum  
 Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum ſeralibus umbris  
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,  
 Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles  
 Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus



Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit æquor  
 Gens exota mihi, prudens natura negavit  
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:  
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite grefsu,  
 Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex & pariter fatrapæ, feclerata propago  
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ  
 Confilii socios adhibete, operifque ministros.  
 Finierat, rigidi cupide paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos  
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turba,  
 Atque fui caufam populi volet ipfe tueri.

Effè ferunt fpatium, quâ diftat ab Afide terra  
 Fertilis Europe, & fpectat Mareotidas undas;  
 Hic turris polita eft Titanidos ardua Famæ  
 Ærea, lata, fonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris  
 Quàm fuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Oſſæ  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque feneftræ,  
 Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros;  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fuſurros;  
 Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulcætralia bombis  
 Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen

Ipfâ quidem summâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviffima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
 Nec tot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvence  
 Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,  
 Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.  
 Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe  
 Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli.  
 Millenifque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis  
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, verâque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modò confectis ſermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen a noſtro meruiſſi carmine laudes  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorafſe pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicet Angli  
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terræque tremante:  
 Fama files? an te latet impia Papiftarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,  
 Et nova ſceptringero cædes meditata Iacobo:  
 Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,



Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,  
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;  
 Dextra tubam gestat Temeseo ex ære sonoram.  
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:  
 Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,  
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
 Infidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
 Effæti que senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem  
 Attamen interea populi miserecit ab alto  
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad æres;  
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvantur honores;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum.  
 Præsulis Eliensis.

**A** Dhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina;  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum mæsta charo iusta persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis præsulis.  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia)  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britannia,  
 Populosque Neptuno fatos,  
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus  
 Te generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,  
 Graiusque vates parciùs



Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.  
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :  
 Cecos furores pone, pone vitream  
 Bilemque & irritas minas,  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitoque ad iras percita.  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis filia,  
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
 Vastiove nata sub Chao :  
 Ast illa cælo missa stellator, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit ;  
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem & auras evocat ;  
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem  
 Themidos Jovisque filix ;  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;  
 At iusta raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,  
 Sedesque subterraneas

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò  
 Foedum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror :  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex  
 Auriga currus ignei,  
 Non me Boötis terruere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,  
 Non ensis Orion tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,  
 Longèque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos  
 Frænis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum syderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Chrysellinam, &  
 Stratum smaragdis Atrium.  
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat  
 Oriundus humano patre  
 Amœnitates illius loci, mihi  
 Sat est in æternum frui,



*Naturam non pati senium.*

**H**eu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisq; immersa profun-  
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem! (dis)

Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus oblita rugis  
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?  
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas  
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque fixusque  
 Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremende  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
 Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula  
 Decidat, horribilisque reiecta Gorgone Pallas.

Qualis

Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.  
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati  
 Præcipiti curru, subitæque ferere ruinâ  
 Pronus, & exinctâ sumabit lampade Nereus,  
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
 Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro  
 Terre bunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem  
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris  
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.  
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;  
 Raptat & ambit os sociâ vertigine cælos.  
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & æter ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mayors.  
 Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,  
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ  
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,  
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis  
 Æthereum pecus absenti qui cogit Olympo

P 2

Mane



Mane vocans, & serus agens in pascua coeli,  
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitòque fragore  
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos  
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.  
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vassâ mole minorem  
 Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti  
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem  
 Phoebe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
 Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cæli;  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica quemadmodum  
 Aristoteles intellexit.*

**D**icite sacròrum præfides nemorum deæ;  
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;  
 Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes  
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimùmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:  
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:



Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
 Atlante major portitore syderum,  
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit  
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
 Non hunc filenti nocte Pléiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Ostridem.  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus,  
 At tu perenne ruris Academî decus  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)  
 Jam jam pœtas urbis exules tuæ  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

*Ad Patrem.*

**N**unc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora

Volvere

Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen  
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio  
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.  
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
 Imma ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet.  
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, & tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ;  
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras



Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;  
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
 Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,  
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis,  
 Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,  
 Demissoque ferrox gladio mansuevit Orion;  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat coena Lyæo.  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates  
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,  
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,  
 Repræsentæque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Æneæ quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,  
 Verborum

Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures  
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo  
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam  
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti  
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur:  
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse camœnas,  
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
 Quâ via latâ patet, quâ pronior area lucri,  
 Certaue condendî fulget spes aurea nummi:  
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis  
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
 Sed magis exultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis



Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ  
 Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.  
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,  
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu.  
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia lingua,  
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant  
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
 Addere suasisi quos jactat Gallia flores,  
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
 Fundit, Barbaricos resiatu voce tumultus,  
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
 Denique quicquid habet coelum, subjectaque coelo  
 Terra parens, terræque & coelo interfluus aer,  
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,  
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.  
 Dimotæque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas  
 Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.  
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, coelo?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato

Atque

Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna dici,  
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.  
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ  
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,  
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,  
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
 Sæva nec anguiferos extendæ Calumniæ rictus:  
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus  
 Pectora, vipereo gradias sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
 Nec spisso rapiant obliviam nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM.





## PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσχυρὸν ὅτι παῖδες, ἔτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβ  
 Ἀιγύπτου λίπη δῆμον, ἀπὸ χθονὸς βαρβαρῶν  
 Δὲ τότε μένον ἔην ἴσον γένος ἡμεῖς Ἰσραὴλ  
 Ἐν δὲ θύοι λαοῖσι μέγα κρείον βασιλεύον  
 Εἶδ' ἡμεῖς ἐν τρυφῇ οὐρανὸν ἰσχυρῶς θάλασσα  
 Κύματι εὐρυμύτι ῥοήσιν, ὅδ' ἂν ἰσχυρὸν ἔχον  
 Ἰσχυρὸν Ἰσραὴλ ποτὶ ἀργυρεῖα πηγὴν  
 Ἐκ δ' ὅρα σκαθμῶσι ἀπειρία κλονίοντο,  
 ὡς κρεῖν σκαθμῶσι ἰσχυρῶς ἐν ἀλυσί.  
 Βασιλεῖς δ' ἡμεῖς πάντες ἀνατμήσαντες ἔειπεν  
 Ὅσα παρὰ σύλῃ φύλ' ὑπὸ μητέρᾳ ἄρκε.  
 Τίπτε σύγ' αὖθις θάλασσα πύλιν φύλ' ἰσχυρῶς  
 Κύματι εὐρυμύτι ῥοήσιν, τί δ' ἂν ἰσχυρὸν ἔχον  
 Ἰσχυρὸν Ἰσραὴλ ποτὶ ἀργυρεῖα πηγὴν  
 Τίπτε ὅρα σκαθμῶσι ἀπειρία κλονίοντο,  
 ὡς κρεῖν σκαθμῶσι ἰσχυρῶς ἐν ἀλυσί.  
 Βασιλεῖς τί δ' ἂν ἡμεῖς ἀνατμήσαντες ἔειπεν  
 Ὅσα παρὰ σύλῃ φύλ' ὑπὸ μητέρᾳ ἄρκε,  
 Σέως γὰρ τρέψας θεὸς μεγάλ' ἐκτυπύοντα  
 Τῶν θεῶν τρέψας ὑπαὶ σέβας Ἰσραὴλ  
 ὡς πᾶσι ἐν σπλάχνῳ ποταμὸς ἡμεῖς μερμήρυνται,  
 Κρεῖν αἶσαν πάντες ὑπὸ θαρσύνοντες.

Philosophus

Philosophus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum & in  
 tem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat  
 τὴν ὅπ' ἀνάγκη περιούμιον & hęc subito misit.

Ὁ ἄνα εἰ δέσποτα, μετ' ἰσομῶν, ἰδὲ τὴν ἀνδρῶν  
 ἀπὸν ὅλως δέχονται, σφάττον ἰσχυρῶς  
 Ρῶδ' ἀφελος, τὸ δ' ὑστερὸν αὐτὴν νύχτες,  
 Μακρότας δ' ἀρέματα τὴν πρὸς θυμὸν ὁδὸν  
 Τῶν δ' ἐν πόλιν περὶ αὐτὸν ἀλκὰς ὀλίγας.

## In Effigē Ejus Sculptorem

Ἀναβῆ γὰρ ἔχον χειρὶ τῶνδε μὲν εὐνοῖα  
 Φαῖς πᾶσι αἶψα πρὸς εἶδ' αὐτοῦ βλάπτει  
 Τὸ δ' ἐκτυπῶν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς φίλοι  
 Ἰδὲ τὴν φάλαξ δυσμήμῃς ζαχάρᾳ.

## Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum egrotantem.

## SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quàm cum decentes flava Dēiope furas  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,  
 Adesdum & hęc s'is verba pauca Salsillo

Refer,



Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divis.  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum  
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis  
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)  
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ  
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salille,  
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.  
 Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano  
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
 O dulce divum munus, O salus Hebes  
 Germana! Tuque Phoebe morborum terror  
 Pythone cæso, five tu magis Pæan  
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso.  
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.

Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis  
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
 Suam reclivis semper Egeriam spectans,  
 Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus  
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges  
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:  
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,  
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

*Mansus.*



*Mansus.*

*Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi  
Risplende il Manso ———

*Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia profecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.*

**H**Æc quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudi  
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus ho-  
Post galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci. (nove,  
Tu quoque si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,  
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.  
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum

Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;  
Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
Ossa tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit.  
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,  
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.  
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant  
Officia in tumulto, cupis integros rapere Orco,  
Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:  
Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam  
Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;  
Emulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
Rettulit Æoliæ vitam facundus Homeri.  
Ergo ego te Clius & magni nomine Phœbi  
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum  
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere musam,  
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto  
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
Quâ Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis  
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.  
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.



Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,  
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,  
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)  
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ  
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Ulin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fūco.  
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
 Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas;  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes;

Tantum

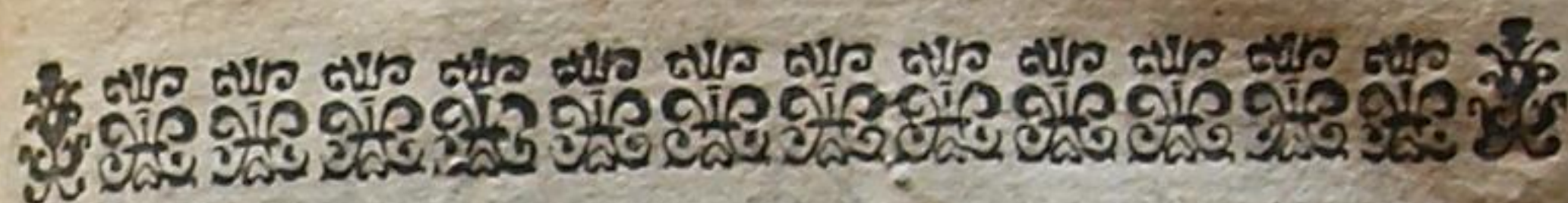
Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosæque tecta  
 Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ  
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.  
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,  
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,  
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.  
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet  
 Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,  
 Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu  
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
 Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vicens, & adultum mentis acumen.  
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum  
 Phœbeos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,  
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,

Q<sup>2</sup>

Magnanimos



Magnanimos Heroas, & ( O modo spiritus ad sit )  
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.  
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,  
 Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,  
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
 Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;  
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.  
 Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
 Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,  
 Quod labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus  
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo  
 ( Quantum fata sinunt ) & totâ mente serenûm  
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.



EPITAPHIUM  
 DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

**T**hyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae  
 Pastores, eadem studia sequuti  
 a pueritia amici erant, ut qui  
 plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa pro-  
 fectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium  
 accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem-  
 ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudi-  
 nem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis au-  
 tem sub persona hîc intelligitur Carolus  
 Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno  
 genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio,  
 doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus,  
 dum viveret, juvenis egregius.





## EPITAPHIUM

## DAMONIS.

**H**imerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hy-  
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis) (lam)  
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen:  
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,  
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,  
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
 Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.  
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,  
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum  
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusea retinebat in urbe.  
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
 Tam verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,

Cœpit

Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,  
 Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere Damon;  
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
 Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?  
 At non ille, animas virgæ qui dividit auræ,  
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,  
 Indéplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
 Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo  
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:  
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,  
 Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,  
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus  
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
 Frigoribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, sici morientibus herbis?

Q 4

Sive



Sive opus in magnos fuit eminens ire leones  
Aut avidos terrere lapos præsepibus altis;  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni  
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus ausier  
Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.  
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,  
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Euris  
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis  
Involvuntur, & ipsa sua seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba

Innuba neglecto marcescit & ūva racemo,  
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
Moerent, inque satum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,  
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,  
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
Hic Zephiri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;  
Illa canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat  
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)  
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?  
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?  
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juvenæ  
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem  
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Venit Hyas, Dryopæque, & filia Baucidis Aegle

Docta



Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,  
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;  
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina Phocæarum numerat, vilisque volucrum  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,  
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis  
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,  
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ  
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?  
 Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.  
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit  
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoque Damon,  
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum  
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra  
 Fiscellæ; calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,  
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos

Et



Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo  
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,  
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.  
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,  
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus;  
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,  
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,  
Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,  
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,  
Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,  
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum,  
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum  
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.  
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,  
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,  
Dissilue: tamen rupta compage, nec ultra  
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinu  
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;  
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jøgernen  
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlōis arma,  
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,  
Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu  
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis  
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni  
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla  
Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)  
Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni,  
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,  
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & susca metallis  
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,  
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,  
Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ  
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,  
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:

In



In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver  
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama filvæ,  
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris  
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.  
 Parte alia polus omnipotens, & magnus Olympus,  
 Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictaq; in nube pharetra,  
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;  
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi  
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem  
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,  
 Hinc mentes ardere facit, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,  
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?  
 Nec te Lethæo fas quævisse sub orco,  
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,  
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,  
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;  
 Heroûmque animas inter, divosque perennes,  
 Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat  
 Ore sacro. Quia tu cæli post jura recepta  
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,

Sen tu noster eris Damon, five æquior audis  
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
 Coelicolæ norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.  
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus  
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tibi libata voluptas,  
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;  
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
 Letaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ  
 Eternum perages immortales hymenæos;  
 Cantus ubi, choreisq; furit Iyra mûta beatis,  
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsæ.



Jan. 23. 1646.

## Ad Joannem Rousium Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecarium.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo  
mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in  
Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.*

## Strophe 1.

**G**emelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
Fronde licet geminâ,  
Munditiâque nitens non operosa,  
Quam manus attulit  
Juvenilis olim,  
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ;  
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras  
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit  
Insons populi, barbitoque devius  
Indullit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
Longinquum intonuit melos  
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

## Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
Subduxit reliquis dolo?  
Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,  
Illustre tendebas iter  
Thamesis ad incunabula  
Cerulei patris,  
Fontes ubi limpidi  
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer  
Orbi notus per immensos  
Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,  
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

## Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut edictus deo  
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem  
( Si satis noxas luimus priores  
Mollique luxu degener otium )  
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
Almaque revocet studia sanctus  
Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;

R

Imman-



Immundasque volucres  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procal amne Pegaseo.

*Antistrophe.*

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantia  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus,  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vilâ  
 Callo tereris infortis insulsi,  
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam  
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

*Strophe 3.*

Nam te Roſſius ſui  
 Optat peculi, numeroque juſto  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,  
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta  
 Sunt data viſum monumenta curæ:  
 Teque adytis etiam ſacris

Voluit

Voluit reponi quibus & ipſe præſidet  
 Eternorum operum cultus fidelis,  
 Quæſtorque gaze nobilioris,  
 Quàm cui præſuit Iſon  
 Clarus Erechtheides  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphicâ  
 Iſon Actææ genitrus Creuſâ.

*Antistrophe.*

Ergo tu viſere lucos  
 Maſarum ibis amœnos,  
 Diamque Phœbi rurfus ibis in domum  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit  
 Delo poſthabiri,  
 Biſidôque Parnathi jago:  
 Ibis honeſtus,  
 Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem  
 Niſtus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legêris inter alta nomina  
 Authorum, Graiz ſimul & Latinæ  
 Antiqua gentis lamina, & verum decus

R 2

*Epodos.*



*Epodos.*

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo  
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas  
 Quas bonus Hermes  
 Et tutela dabit solers Rousi,  
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè  
 Turba legentum prava facesset;  
 At ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit integro sinu.  
 Tum livore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet  
 Rousio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis  
 unâ demum epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum  
 numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita  
 tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad an-  
 tiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin  
 hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debue-  
 rat. Metra partim sunt *ῥαίσι* partim *ἀπαιλουρβία*. Pha-  
 leucia quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt,  
 quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.



O F

## EDUCATION.

To Master *Samuel Hartlib*.

Written above twenty Years since.

Mr. Hartlib,



Am long since perswaded, that to  
 say, or do ought worth memory  
 and imitation, no purpose or re-  
 spect should sooner move us, then  
 simply the love of God, and of  
 mankind. Nevertheless to write now the re-  
 forming of Education, though it be one of the  
 greatest and noblest designs that can be thought  
 on, and for the want whereof this Nation  
 perishes, I had not yet at this time been in-  
 duct, but by your earnest entreaties, and  
 serious conjurements; as having my mind for  
 the present half diverted in the pursuance of  
 some other assertions, the knowledge and the  
 use of which, cannot but be a great furth-  
 rance both to the enlargement of truth, and  
 honest



honest living, with much more peace. Nor should the laws of any private friendship have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or transpose my former thoughts, but that I see those aims, those actions which have won you with me the esteem of a person sent hither by some good providence from a far country to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the same repute with men of most approved wisdom, and some of highest authority among us. Not to mention the learned correspondence which you hold in forreign parts, and the extraordinary pains and diligence which you have us'd in this matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of nature, which also is Gods working. Neither can I think that so reputed, and so valu'd as you are, you would to the forfeit of your own discerning ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous argument, but that the satisfaction which you profess to have receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a perswasion, that what you require from me in this point, I neither ought, nor can in conscience deferre beyond this time both of so much need

at

at once, and so much opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is either of divine, or humane obligation that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in writing, as you request me, that voluntary *Idea*, which hath long in silence presented it self to me, of a better Education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter, and of attainment far more certain, then hath been yet in practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this Nation hath extream need should be done sooner then spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern *Janua's* and *Didactic's* more then ever I shall read, have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few observations which have flow'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative years altogether spent in the search of religious and civil knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the ruines of our first Parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him,

R 4



him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the neerest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found it self but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be follow'd in all discreet teaching. And seeing every Nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; so that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things usefull to be known. And though a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the Words & Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteem'd a learned man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight years meerly in scraping together so much

much miserable Latine and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of Children to compose Theams, Verses and Orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment and the final work of a head fill'd by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims, and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit: besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek *idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste, whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lesson'd thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and Arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and



and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein: And for the usual method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick grossness of barbarous ages, that in stead of beginning with Arts most easie, and those be such as are most obvious to the sence, they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first comming with the most intellective abstractions of Logick and Metapysicks: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate to be tost and turmoil'd with their unballasted wits in fadomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mockt and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their severall wayes, and hasten them with the sway of friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity; Some allur'd to the trade of Law, grounding their purposes

purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to State affairs, with souls so unprincipled in vertue, and true generous breeding, that flattery, and Court shifts and tyrannous Aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not fain'd. Others lastly of a more delicious and airie spirit, retire themselves knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their daies in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the fruits of mispending our prime youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in learning meer words or such things chiefly, as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hill side, where I will point ye out the right path of a vertuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect,



prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more adoe to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubbs from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, then we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefulest Wits to that asinine feast of fowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve, and one and twenty, less time then is now bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other house of Schollership, except it be

be some peculiar Colledge of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Art, it should be absolute. After this pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the encrease of Learning and Civility every where. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their daies work into three parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear pronuntiation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we *Englishmen* being far Northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: So that to smatter Latine with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French.



French. Next to make them expert in the usefulest points of Grammar, and withall to season them, and win them early to the love of vertue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement, or vain principle seise them wandering, some easie and delightful Book of Education would be read to them; whereof the Greeks have store, as *Cebes*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first Books of *Quintilian*, and some select pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such Lectures and Explanations upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, enflam'd with the study of Learning, and the admiration of Vertue; stirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. That they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercises: which he who hath the Art, and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual perswasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage

rage: infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day, might be taught them the rules of Arithmetick, and soon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast, till bed-time their thoughts will be best taken up in the easie grounds of Religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors *Agriculture*, *Cato*, *Varro*, and *Columella*, for the matter is most easie, and if the language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and inabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good: for this was one of *Hercules* praises. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be masters of any ordinary prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy.



lofophy. And at the ſame time might be entering into the Greek tongue, after the ſame manner as was before preſcrib'd in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being ſoon overcome, all the Historical Phyſiology of *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus* are open before them, and as I may ſay, under contribution. The like acceſs will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca's* natural queſtions, to *Mela*, *Celsus*, *Pliny*, or *Solinus*. And having thus paſt the principles of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Aſtronomy*, and *Geography* with a general compact of *Phyſicks*, they may deſcend in *Mathematicks* to the inſtrumental ſcience of *Trigonometry*, and from thence to *Fortification*, *Architecture*, *Enginry*, or *Navigation*. And in natural *Philofophy* they may proceed leiſurely from the *History* of *Meteors*, *Minerals*, *plants* and *living Creatures* as far as *Anatomy*. Then alſo in courſe might be read to them out of ſome not tedious Writer the *Inſtitution* of *Phyſick*; that they may know the *tempers*, the *humours*, the *ſeaſons*, and how to manage a *crudity*: which he who can wiſely and timely do, is not only a great *Phyſician* to himſelf, and to his friends, but alſo may at ſome time or other, ſave an *Army* by this *frugal* and *expenseleſs* means only; and not let the healthy and ſtout bodies of young men rot away

away under him for want of this diſcipline; which is a great pity, and no leſs a ſhame to the *Commander*. To ſet forward all theſe proceedings in *Nature* and *Mathematicks*, what hinders, but that they may procure, as oft as ſhall be needful, the helpful experiences of *Hunters*, *Fowlers*, *Fiſhermen*, *Shepherds*, *Gardeners*, *Apothecaries*; and in the other ſciences, *Architects*, *Engineers*, *Mariners*, *Anatomists*; who doubtleſs would be ready ſome for reward, and ſome to favour ſuch a hopeful *Seminary*. And this will give them ſuch a real tincture of natural knowledge, as they ſhall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then alſo thoſe *Poets* which are now counted moſt hard, will be both facil and pleaſant, *Orpheus*, *Hefiod*, *Theocritus*, *Aratus*, *Nicander*, *Oppian*, *Dionyſius*, and in Latin *Lucretius*, *Manilius*, and the rural part of *Virgil*.

By this time, years and good general precepts will have furniſht them more diſtinctly with that act of reaſon which in *Ethics* is call'd *Proaireſis*: that they may with ſome judgement contemplate upon moral good and evil. Then will be requir'd a ſpecial reinforcement of conſtant and ſound endoctrinating to ſet them right and firm, inſtructing them more amply in the knowledge of *Vertue* and the hatred of



Vice: while their young and pliant affections are led through all the moral works of *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, *Laertius*, and those *Locrian* remnants; but still to be reduc't in their nightward studies wherewith they close the dayes work, under the determinate sentence of *David* or *Salomon*, or the Evanges and Apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal duty, they may then begin the study of Economics. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the *Italian* Tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, Greek, Latin, or *Italian*: Those Tragedies also that treat of Household matters, as *Trachinæ*, *Alceſtis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the study of *Politicks*; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of Political Societies; that they may not in a dangerous fit of the Common-wealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellors have lately shewn themselves, but stedfast pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of Law, and legal Justice; deliver'd first, and with best warrant by *Moses*; and as far as hu-

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mane prudence can be trusted, in those extoll'd remains of Grecian Law-givers, *Licurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*, and thence to all the Roman *Edicts* and Tables with their *Justinian*; and so down to the *Saxon* and common Laws of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundayes also and every evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest matters of *Theology*, and Church History ancient and modern: and ere this time the Hebrew Tongue at a set hour might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own original; where-to it would be no impossibility to add the *Chaldey*, and the *Syrian* Dialect. When all these employments are well conquer'd, then will the choise Histories, *Heroic Poems*, and *Attic* Tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, with all the famous Political Orationes offer themselves; which if they were not only read; but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounc't with right accent, and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit and vigor of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*. And now lastly will be the time to read with them those organic arts which inable men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fitted stile of lofty, mean,

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or lowly. Logic therefore so much as is useful, is to be referr'd to this due place withall her well coucht Heads and Topics, untill it be time to open her contracted palm into a gracefull and ornate Rhetorick taught out of the rule of *Plato, Aristotle, Phalercus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus*. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less futtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotles Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the *Italian Commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni*, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true *Epic Poem*, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Lyric*, what Decorum is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our comm Rimers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in divine and humane things. From hence and not till now will be the right season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things.

things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Counsel, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought then what we now sit under, oft times to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead, then upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the steddypace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memories sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, untill they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole body of their perfeted knowledge, like the last embattelling of a Roman Legion. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

*Their Exercise.*

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likest



to those ancient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, *Aristotle* and such others, out of which were bred up such a number of renowned Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Asia*, besides the flourishing Studies of *Cyrene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the Common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and *Lycæum*, all for the Gown, this institution of breeding which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for exercise and due rest afterwards: But the time for this may be enlarg'd at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with edge, or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being temper'd with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a  
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native and heroick valour, and make them hate the cowardise of doing wrong. They must be also practiz'd in all the Locks and Gripes of Wrastring, wherein English men were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well studied chords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft Organ stop waiting on elegant Voices either to Religious, martial, or civil Ditties; which if wise men and Prophets be not extreamly out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustick harshness and distemper'd passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to assist and cherish Nature in her first concoction, and send their minds back to study in good  
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tune and satisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under vigilant eyes till about two hours before supper, they are by a sudden alarm or watch word, to be call'd out to their military motions, under skie or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then as their age permits, on Horseback, to all the Art of Cavalry; That having in sport, but with much exactness, and daily muster, serv'd out the rudiments of their Soldiership in all the skill of Embattelling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Besieging and Battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, *Tacticks* and warlike maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the service of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them for want of just and wise discipline to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft suppl'd: they would not suffer their empty and unrecrutible Colonels of twenty men in a Company to quaff out, or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list, and a miserable remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-master'd with a score or two of drunkards, the only souldery left about them, or  
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else to comply with all rapines and violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that knowledge that belongs to good men or good Governours, they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own institute, besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleasure it self abroad; In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out, and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a perswader to them of studying much then, after two or three year that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the quarters of the Land: learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities of building and of soil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade. Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical knowledge of sailing and of Sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar gifts of Nature, and if there were any secret excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance it self by, which could  
 not



not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired Vertues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian knowledge. Nor shall we then need the *Monsieurs* of *Paris* to take our hopeful Youth into their slight and prodigal custodies and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes and Kickshees. But if they desire to see other Countries at three or four and twenty years of age, not to learn Principles but to enlarge Experience, and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all men where they pass, and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate I suppose is out of controverſie. Thus Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several

veral times I had discours'd with you concerning the best and Nobleſt way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations, if brevity had not been my scope, many other circumstances also I could have mention'd, but this to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direction may be enough. Only I believe that this is not a Bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which *Homer* gave *Ulyſſes*, yet I am withall perswaded that it may prove much more easie in the assay, then it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult then I imagine, and that imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this age have spirit and capacity enough to apprehend.

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